The Saturday Review of Literature

VOL. XIV NO. 14 NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 1, 1936 TEN CENTS A COPY

IN THIS ISSUE

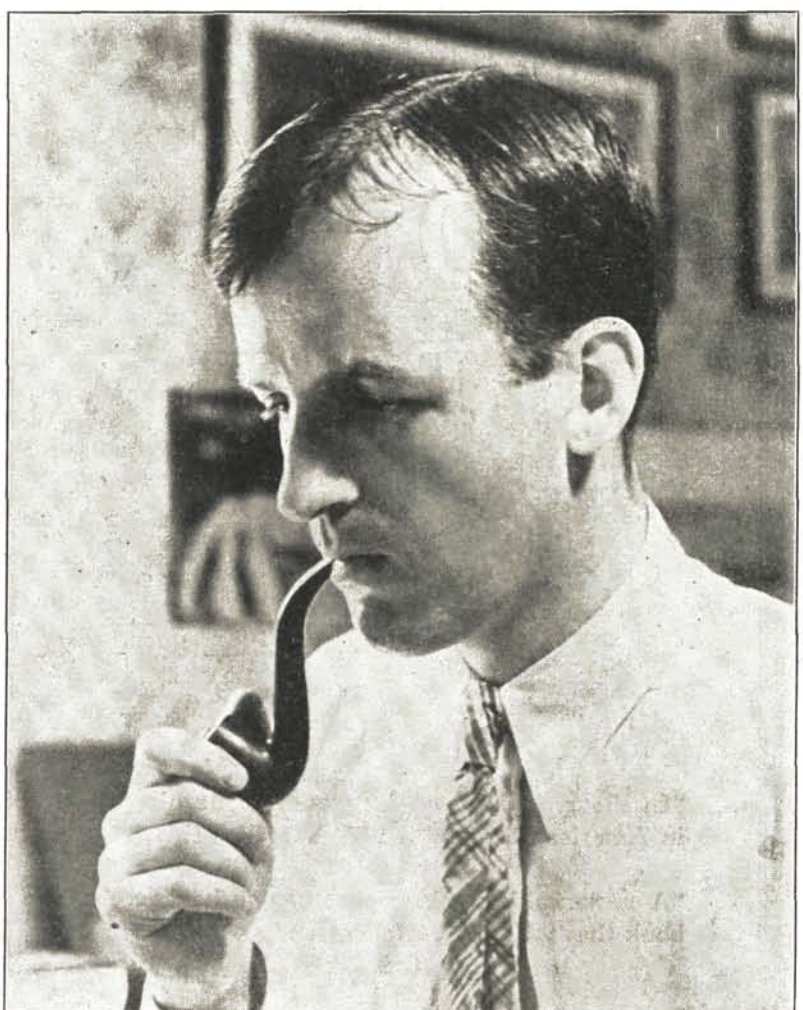
MANYA GORDON
Gorky: Ancestor of Young Russia

ALLAN NEVINS
Reviews "Drums Along the Mohawk" by Walter D. Edmonds

RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL
Reviews "A Place in the Sun" by Grover Clark

WALTON H. HAMILTON
Reviews "Storm Over the Constitution" by Irving Brant

CHARLES J. FINGER
Reviews "El Jimmy" by Herbert Childs



Richard Carver Wood

WALTER D. EDMONDS

"He sees the people of the valley in those Revolutionary years as living beings with the same virtues, the same vices, the same heroisms and follies, and much the same hopes and fears as their descendants in rural areas on the Mohawk today" . . . *(See page 5)*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

GONE WITH THE WIND

by MARGARET MITCHELL

Written in Atlanta, Georgia, Now The Best Selling Novel in every city in the United States!

"In sheer readability, surpassed by nothing in American fiction." NEW YORK TIMES

"A remarkable book, a spectacular book, a book that will not be forgotten."
CHICAGO TRIBUNE

"Not many books leave a reader so breathless; a book to remember forever."
ATLANTA JOURNAL

"This story tumbles down upon us with the onrush of a mountain torrent."
HARPER'S MAGAZINE

"Strikes at the depth of the heart. . . . I wanted to start again at once on Page One."
RICHMOND NEWS-LEADER

"When you finish you wait, wondering and incredulous, for it to go on!"
READER'S NEWS

Eighth Printing (in one month) **201st Thousand!**

1037 Pages At all bookstores $3.00

MACMILLAN BOOKS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

60 Fifth Avenue · New York

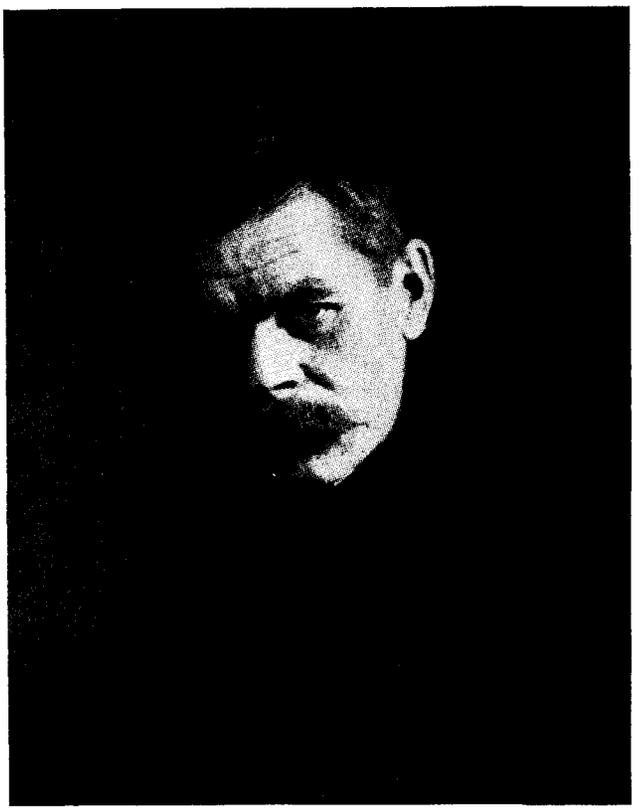
MACMILLAN BOOKS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Gorky: Ancestor of Young Russia

BY MANYA GORDON

COMPARED with the English novel the Russian novel is very young. But it was born full grown and it achieved immediate equality with the best fiction of western Europe. Gogol (1809-52), was its father, and he endowed his literary offspring with all the virtues that have made Russian literature famous. "We all stem from Gogol's Cloak," is a common observation among Russian writers. Whether it is "The Cloak," or "Dead Souls," or the inimitable comedy, "Revizor" ("The Inspector General"), Gogol's influence can be traced through all subsequent Russian literature, including Gorky, for nearly three-quarters of a century. After his lofty example there could be no lowering of standards.



MAXIM GORKY

Gogol not only cast the perfect mould insofar as character and structure are concerned, but he was the first at that early period, nearly a century ago, to introduce the sociological element into the novel. As a result Russian literature has escaped the virus of art-for-art's sake dilettantism. Russians do not scoff at good literary form or style. Pushkin and Turgenev were supreme in both these gifts, but they were also master realists and social philosophers. Tolstoy's "War and Peace" is a great work of art, an exhaustive civic document, and a sermon in the highest sense of the word, all in one. The originator of this conception of literature was Gogol.

The epoch-making "Dead Souls" (1842) embodies all the components of the social novel—sincerity, realism, a searching but sympathetic understanding of the frailties of human conduct, and that which gives Russian literature an almost superhuman quality—compassion. Pity for the underdog, for the spiritual and moral cripple, whether he be worthy or not, makes of Russian literature a thing apart. Russian writers—Goncharov, Turgenev, Tolstoy, Chekhov, Gorky—may differ in the form they give to the novel and in their social viewpoint, but they all have compassion.

This divine quality of compassion may often be seasoned with keen satire and illuminated by humor, as in Gogol, Chekhov, and in the great Russian playwright, Ostrovsky. There is little humor in Gorky, but he possessed many of the basic qualities of his predecessors and was not lacking in pity. But he did bring in two new elements in Russian literature. He added hate and what we should now call an inferiority complex; and he transplanted the whole into an entirely new sphere, a hitherto unknown social class.

Gorky's "bossaki"—vagabonds and tramps—are not the decayed gentry or psychopathic criminals of Dostoievsky. Barring the trilogy of novels written toward the end of his life—it has added nothing to his reputation—Gorky's characters are nearly always people who have never had wealth or social opportunity. But what is more significant, they have no desire for either. The social derelicts who appear with Gorky on the literary scene enjoy being outcasts. They revel in their poverty because it leaves them unfettered. They have a horror of responsibility, and their creator, particularly the earlier Gorky, understands and approves.

These are the types which the world knows best in Gorky's famous play, "The Lower Depths," written in 1903 but not translated into English until 1912. But they appear in his earlier works, in the short tales "Chelkash" and "Konovalov," about the year 1895, in his two best-known novels, "Foma Gordeyev" and "Orlov and His Wife," around the turn of the century. Konovalov, the master baker, tells Maxim, who is none other than the author, in no uncertain terms his aversion to any kind of responsibility, whether it be women, work, or anything else. Maxim in the story endeavors to give Konovalov's aversions a sociological slant, but is vanquished by the other man who insists that he, Konovalov, alone, and not society, is accountable for his viewpoint and his social status. Had he wished, argues Konovalov, he could have had a bakery business of his own, like his brother. He could have married a rich woman and settled down to a life of wedded peace, but he preferred to be himself and free. This is the philosophy of "Chelkash," the first of Gorky's stories to receive national acclaim, when the author was twenty-seven. In this story the narrator's sympathies are entirely on the side of his tramp hero, who has the utmost contempt for the slavery of honest labor—a curious position for a Marxist-collectivist, as Gorky was later to become.

Foma Gordeyev, the hero of Gorky's best novel, is obsessed by the desire to get rid of his wealth and the responsibilities which it entails. It is a longing not at all inspired by the same civic philosophy which impelled Levin in "Anna Karenina" to liberate his serfs, or induced Andrey in "War and Peace" to free

Next Week

THE BIG MONEY
By JOHN DOS PASSOS
Reviewed by Bernard DeVoto

GREENGATES
By R. C. SHERRIFF
Reviewed by George Dangerfield

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

his serfs and divide his land among them. Foma has no such humane desires. He is not in the least interested in what happens to his riches. All he wants is to get away, to roam.

Rereading Gorky today one discovers a double personality. The man who wrote the late trilogy of novels and the political articles is a Marxist. The other Gorky, the author of the tales and novels that will be read and remembered, is an individualist who is as critical of the "workers" as he is of the intelligentsia. He is bitter because he has no anchorage. He is neither a worker nor a full-grown intellectual. As a writer his place is with the intellectuals, but his hypersensitive soul is tormented by the thought that he has not enjoyed even a secondary-school education, and he cannot meet the intellectuals on equal terms. He feels that he does not belong, and it engenders hate in him.

This hate in Gorky mars his creative work. His intellectuals, like Ippolit Sergeevitch in "Varenka Olesov," are mere caricatures. Perhaps in "Orlov and His Wife" we find Gorky's opinions on equality most fully stated. Orlov is a competent shoemaker. With his wife he offers his services to a hospital during a cholera epidemic. At the hospital they have good food, comfortable quarters, and congenial work. Orlov makes an excellent orderly and is liked and appreciated by the staff. He in turn respects the skill and self-sacrifice of the doctors. Yet he soon becomes discontented. He wants to tear down everything; not to build something better and stronger, but for the mere pleasure in destruction. He tells his wife that he no longer enjoys his work at the hospital because he knows that men are not equal, in spite of the doctors' assertions to the contrary.

"Ain't I a man like the rest of them?" Orlov demands. "Yet Doctor Vashtchenko is better than I am, and Piotr Ivanovitch (a medical student), is better—and so are many others—that means that we are not equals and I am not on a level with them. I feel that." This realization devours Orlov and brings about his downfall.

The scene in which Orlov discourses to his wife is built up with great care, yet it is not convincing. One feels that the speaker is not Orlov, the skilful shoemaker and able hospital servant, but Gorky himself. In the year 1897, when "Orlov and His Wife" was published, the Russian workers were not aware of the differences between themselves and the intelligentsia. They were conscious rather of their common interests in the struggle against the despotic regime. When the workers did begin to feel apart from the intellectuals, after the Revolution of 1905, they were convinced that the inferiority lay with the intellectuals.

Gorky's sympathies were undoubtedly with the workers, but he failed to create a full-blooded, healthy artisan. His most successful characters are of the merchant class, like Foma Gordeyev's father and godfather. Still, the fact that his workers had in them more of the tramp than the mechanic did not interfere with his early popularity. On the contrary, the picturesque and even melodramatic activities of his vagabonds, together with his unquestioned dynamic power, gained him immediate recognition. In some quarters he was hailed as the first proletarian writer, the first class conscious interpreter of the workers.

This acclaim was not unanimous. Some of the critics were repelled by Gorky's coarse handling of his materials, as in "Red Vaska." They conceded his power and the fresh novelty of his characters, but they doubted his class consciousness. Gorky's origin was proletarian and he was for a short time a wage earner. But from his writings the critics found it hard to tell to what class he belonged, if any. They argued that Chelkash, Konovalov, and Orlov are no compliment to the toiling masses.

Gorky's severest critic was Tolstoy. He found the dialogue of Gorky's tramps and harlots "tricky and racy, not like the real talk of common people." To him Gorky's creations were "imaginary, artificial, emotional, and false." Tolstoy disapproved of melodramatic scenes too obviously built up, like the last episode on the steamship in "Foma Gordeyev," or the scene between Doctor Vashtchenko and Orlov. They are, in fact, too reminiscent of the scene in Gogol's "The Inspector General" where the intoxicated Hlestakov tells his host and hostess what he really thinks of them. Gogol's amusing farce fails to be convincing when presented seriously.

Tolstoy's verdict was by no means wholly unfavorable. He was compelled to admit that Gorky had power, and that he did for the "dark people," for the tramps and the harlots, what Dostoievsky did for the criminal types—he brought them to the attention of humanity, by no means a negligible achievement. It is true that Tolstoy, the great realist, insisted that Gorky had "nothing to say," but Tolstoy was in the minority. The rest of literary Russia, though rather uncertain as to where the creator of the tramps belonged or what he really wanted, acknowledged in him a great writer. At one time he was considered the equal of Chekhov, but Chekhov's literary impor-

(*Continued on page* 13)

Exiled from Eden

BY ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

THE smiling mask that Nature wears
Is hers but to betray.
Fiends hide behind this Eden's leaves.
Angels have fled away.

To Eden's gate, man, long exiled,
Returns not as of old.
He marvels at that trusting child
Of the Age of Gold.

In calm refusal he denies
Kinship with purposes
That shake the earth with anguished cries
And drown in blood the sea.

On days of light he wanders forth,
But is no more at one
With meadows stretching south and north
Under the sun.

He shudders when small hares cry shrilly
In grip of the hawk's claws.
He turns from where the water-lily
Hides the pike's jaws.

He contemplates with no consenting
The million-terrored earth,
Hearing the chorus of lamenting
Of lives foredoomed from birth—

The deer by the rock-viper slain;
The snake in agony
Dragging its endless day of pain
To where night lets it die;

The fox, that fed on living things,
Now trapped flesh, dying;
The wild bird lost on crippled wing,
Desperately crying;

The mayfly from the water born
To dart once in the sun
Until before the morrow's morn
Its course is run;

The carp that feasts upon her young;
The worm that best will thrive
In the carp's gills, and there among
Deaths, grow alive;

The unimagined multitude
Of forms in every pool and stream,
Avid for life, avid for blood,
As in an evil dream.

Man walks the hills with heavy heart,
Finding in all he sees
No mirror and no counterpart
Of his sole fantasies.

The pity that his brain devised
Is his alone:
The bread his foolish heart surmised,
Is gritty stone.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, published weekly by The Saturday Review Company, Inc., 25 West 45th Street, New York, N. Y. Noble A. Cathcart, President and Treasurer; Henry Seidel Canby, Vice-President and Chairman; Amy Loveman, Secretary. Subscription, $3.50 a year. Vol. XIV, No. 14, August 1, 1936. Entered as second-class matter at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the Act of March 1, 1879.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

FROM THE JACKET OF "DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK"

War in the Mohawk Valley

DRUMS ALONG THE MOHAWK. By Walter D. Edmonds. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by ALLAN NEVINS

SOME seven miles northwest of Utica the traveller will find the village of Oriskany, which despite iron-works and felt-works has never attained any importance; and some two miles west of Oriskany he will find a large ravine, where rises a monument erected more than fifty years ago. Here history was made, for it is the site of the battle of Oriskany, fought on a hot August day in 1777 by the New York militia under Herkimer and the British and Indians under Barry St. Leger and Joseph Brant. The engagement began with every prospect of an American defeat; Herkimer's ill-trained men had been ambushed, and seemed caught in a hopeless trap. But in a desperate hand-to-hand conflict, with no quarter shown on either side, the militiamen proved their grit; and propped against a tree with a shattered leg, Herkimer proved his leadership. In the end it was a drawn battle. The rough handling which the royal forces received had much to do with St. Leger's failure to join the army of Burgoyne as it moved southward, and in that respect had its profound influence on the outcome of the Revolution. There is no danger that the battle of Oriskany will be forgotten.

Two good novelists have seen the possibilities of the Revolutionary drama along the Mohawk: Harold Frederic, whose veracious and spirited book "In the Valley" ought not to be forgotten, and Mr. Edmonds in the present volume. Some interesting parallels and contrasts might be drawn between their handling of identical events—this battle of Oriskany, for example, which both describe through the eyes of American participants. Harold Frederic presented an aristocrat's picture of the Mohawk Valley. Mr. Edmond's two principal figures are a poverty-stricken young backwoods farmer and his wife, Gilbert and Lana Martin. They settle in Tryon County, among those Palatine Germans who were originally colonized on the upper Mohawk by the British authorities as a shield against Indian incursions. There they have barely cleared their first wheatfield when the savage border struggle of the Revolution catches them up like straws in a torrent. In Harold Frederic's volume the story began with 1757, in the midst of the war with the French, and stopped after Saratoga. In Mr. Edmond's book the tale begins with 1776, and stops only after the peace in 1784. Both have shortcomings as well as merits, but anybody who reads the two books will learn much about northern and western New York in its most eventful quarter-century.

Mr. Edmonds has clearly studied his subject with exemplary thoroughness. He has also studied it with imagination. He possesses the best kind of historical sense. He sees the people of the valley in those Revolutionary years as living beings with the same virtues, the same vices, the same heroisms and follies, and much the same hopes and fears as their descendants in rural areas on the Mohawk today. By earthy speech (not without an infusion of modern slang), by earthy instincts and acts (not without a very modern quantum of sex), he brings them down from the heroic plane to that of everyday flesh and blood. His book is crowded with people and with incidents. And they all, from imaginary souls like the Martins and the Wolffs and the Weavers to real figures of history like Herkimer and Demooth and Dr. Petry, are convincing. Mr. Edmonds is obviously not a born novelist. He cannot create clearly individualized characters who dominate a book and walk away with its action and with the reader's emotions. But he can do very well in painting a society, a countryside full of people. He did it expertly enough in his stories of the building of the Erie Canal; he has done it still more expertly and vigorously in this full book of the Valley in the days of Tories and hostile armies.

The book has little invented plot, for the author relies upon history for his main outlines. It is an episodic and panoramic work, at times even a little confusing as the action switches from poor John Wolff in his Newgate Prison down in Connecticut to Dr. Petry's office in Herkimer and then to Mrs. McKlennar's sugar-bush in Fairfield. Only two simple threads are drawn through the book from beginning to end. One is that of the Revolution; the other is that of the humble lives of Gilbert and Lana Martin. Some of the innumerable episodes which make up the book are naturally more interesting than others. Most readers will wish that Mr. Edmonds had stuck a little more closely to his hero and heroine; had polarized the story about them, as he promises to do in his first half-dozen chapters, and thus given it more unity and richer emotional values. But to do that would doubtless have lessened the panoramic quality, and detracted from the impressionistic presentation of an entire valley full of troubled, angry, determined folk. Mr. Edmonds is without any great creative faculty. But he does have a remarkable gift for painting a region, a time, and a body of people inhabiting both.

Salvage from Drought

THE HOME PLACE. By Dorothy Thomas. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 1936. $2.50.

EACH of the five chapters that composed this book carries us through another season in the lives of a Nebraska family stricken by drought and depression. Grandparents huddle in a salvaged house, contending at once with stubborn earth and their own shaken morale. These chapters were first published as separate stories in *Harper's,* and they remain a series of short stories despite the time sequence and generic title. By no means is this a disparagement of their excellence. As a writer of the short, pungent tale Miss Thomas can have but few superiors. Her work is firm and disciplined. She makes the richest possible use of such details of mid-West agrarian life as she chooses so economically. If the chapters suffer in juxtaposition it is only because of their sameness in dramatic design. They are cast out of one mold, too rigid to permit them to blend. All but one chapter, for instance, opens with the awakening of one character, Phyllis, and all of them close upon some climactic event that halts the family's dissolution and brings them together upon a closing note of courage and hope. The long, fluid line of the novel is thus sacrificed to the structure of the self-contained chapter. Miss Thomas has talents enough to meet the demands of the novel, and can well afford to give up the neat little unities.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Do Colonies Pay?

A PLACE IN THE SUN. By Grover Clark. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1936. $2.50.

THE BALANCE SHEETS OF IMPERIALISM. By Grover Clark. New York: Columbia University Press. 1936. $2.75.

Reviewed by RAYMOND LESLIE BUELL

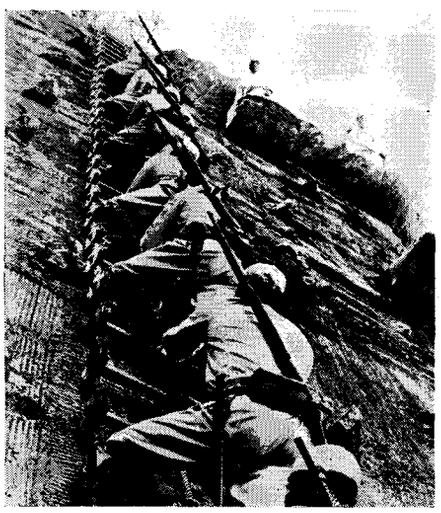
AFTER reviewing the record of imperialistic expansion before the World War, the author, in his first volume, comes to the heart of his subject, which is, Do colonies pay? He finds that when the first steamship was built in 1801 the Western European powers had under their political control only about thirty-five per cent of the surface of the earth. By 1936 they controlled nearly eighty-five per cent. This vast increase presumably was due to the belief that colonies are valuable, a conception which the author vigorously combats. The thesis that colonies serve as a means of easing the pressure of over-populated countries at home is first examined. He admits that during the past fifty years emigration from Europe has been considerable, netting about nineteen million people. Of these, however, only half a million went to territories controlled by Europe. In 1931 the Italian colonies had less than half the number of Italians found in New York City. The author concludes that as an outlet for population colonies are a delusion.

Secondly, Mr. Clark attacks the thesis that colonies produce trade. The books of merchants may show satisfying balances, but military costs borne by the taxpayer quickly consume all the colonial profit. "Even if there had been net profits for the nations on their trade with the colonies in normal times, all those profits and a good deal more were shot away in the Word War, in aligning the nations for which the scramble for colonies was so important. Taken all together, the cash balance sheet, in which no entries are made of human lives lost and human misery caused, shows that the powers which have colonies have spent a great deal more, directly and indirectly, in getting and keeping them than any possible profits on the trade with them. And the most militaristically aggressive nations in the past 50 years have been the heaviest losers on their colonies."

He finds that between 1894 and 1903 the colonial trade of Germany was 202 million marks while its colonial expenses were 158 millions. During the next decade trade increased to 770 million, but the expenses jumped even more, namely to 844 million. Japan has done better than either Italy or Germany in the proportion of her total trade with her colonies and in the ratio of colonial costs to the value of such trade. Nevertheless, the profit on Japanese colonial trade has not been more than 933 million yen or less than one-fifth of the cost of the colonies to the tax-payer. France has done a little better than Japan.

He contends that the development of British trade during the past eighty years has depended but little on the existence or extension of British political control. Over two-thirds of British trade has been with foreign countries, about half the rest has been with the self-governing dominions, while only about one-tenth of the total foreign trade has been with the crown colonies.

The final contention is that colonies are not needed in order to acquire raw materials. The widening sources of supply of such materials, together with the development of synthetics, is reducing the advantage which at one time arose out of political control. The possession of colonial raw materials in war time is of little value unless the mother country can protect its lines of communication by means of superior sea power.



JAPANESE MAN OF WAR

From "Eyes on the World" (Simon & Schuster). "Japan's colonial trade . . . less than one fifth the cost of the colonies."

There is little new in Mr. Clark's thesis, and it should have been expressed with care and objectivity. To determine the value of colonial empires it is necessary to do something more than to compare colonial trade with government expenditures. If individual colonies are taken, it will be found that some are highly profitable while others show huge losses. Mr. Clark himself admits that the Dutch East Indies should be placed in the first category, to which also undoubtedly should be added India. In making his financial estimates he fails to distinguish between capital investments and appropriations to finance current deficits. He does not seem to have made use of the pioneering works of Mr. Constant Southworth in his book "The French Colonial Venture," or of Mr. Rufus Tucker in reference to the Philippines. Both of these writers establish much more careful measurements of the value of colonies than does Mr. Clark.

From the economic standpoint, the most obvious defect of this volume is its failure to take into account the transfer problem. Undoubtedly if free trade prevailed throughout the colonial world the matter of sovereignty would not be of great importance. But an Italy which finds it impossible to buy rubber from British Malaya because of lack of sterling exchange will find this particular difficulty eliminated if it can grow rubber in Ethiopia. The argument that Britain has lost money in its empire does not take into consideration the realities of imperialistic history. Had Britain not established control over the areas now in the empire, other powers would have done so and slammed the door in Britain's face. Except for its empire, England today might be another Denmark or Sweden.

Nor is it clear whether the author believes that colonies are of no value to the world as a whole and should, therefore, be given their independence. His argument seems to be moving in this direction until one strikes the concluding chapter. Here the author admits that modern industrial nations need raw materials and trade, and instead of advocating independence for the colonies, he favors an agreement of the colonial powers under which they pledge themselves to maintain in their colonies complete economic equality and to give the League the right to nullify any action which they may take in violation of that pledge. The meaning of this latter phrase is not clear, for even a reorganized League would desire nothing more than the right to determine whether the "open door" in the colonial world had been violated. Mr. Clark's suggestions would have been more helpful had he first studied existing colonial conventions, such as the Berlin Act, which is about to expire, as well as the Forced Labor Convention.

In his "Balance Sheets of Imperialism," Mr. Clark presents a series of statistical tables as to colonial trade which are useful as far as they go. He prefaces this material with "conclusions from the evidence," which is a more moderate statement of his views than that published in the more popular volume. Here he frankly admits that "it would be no real solution for all the powers which have colonies simply to withdraw their control." Such withdrawal would produce chaos in most of the colonies of Africa and the Pacific. He repeats his suggestion for an open door treaty, enforced by the League. This is a moderate suggestion which would attract more support if he paid attention to the necessity of protecting native peoples against the injuries done by unrestricted trade.

Raymond Leslie Buell is President of the Foreign Policy Association.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Forty Years in Patagonia

EL JIMMY. By Herbert Childs. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott & Co. 1936. $3.

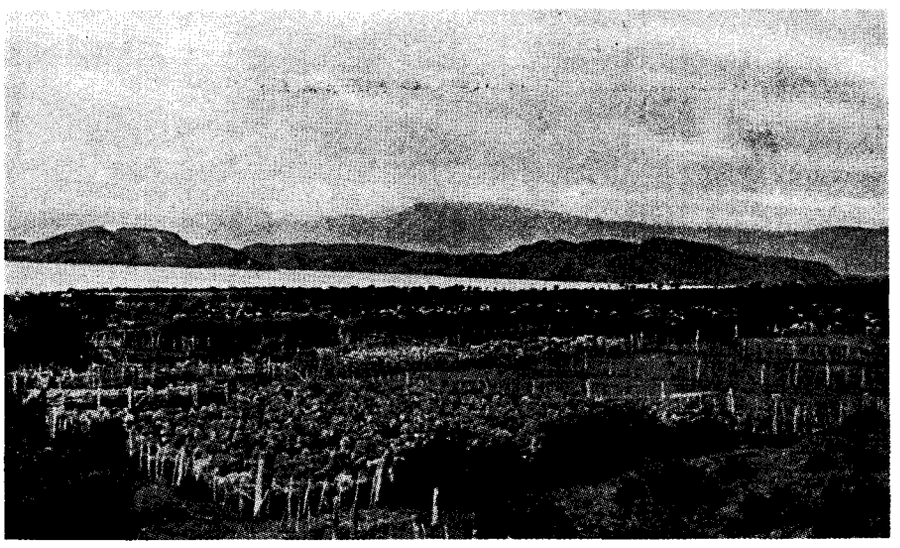
Reviewed by CHARLES J. FINGER

A MESH of circumstances tangled Jimmy Radboone, mostly of his own weaving, so he has spent forty years in Patagonia (part of the time a fugitive), married a Tehelque, owns a sizeable estancia and a family of husky children, and is likely, if wise, to spend the rest of his days there. But for the grace of the gods and an inordinate appetite for adventure and new horizons, his fate might have been mine. When I was young and beautiful I rode with Jimmy, hunted with him, raced horses against his, boxed with him, and knew him as a good companion. Here Jimmy has told some of his tale to the author who set it down honestly without painting the picture in sweeping reds and violent blues. The jacket quotes someone as saying that it "seems authentic." From first-hand knowledge I declare it to be authentic. In half a hundred short stories I have used names and incidents told by Jimmy, and have written of some affairs not related by him, or if told, then not recorded by Childs. Some things seem too improbable.

Take one incident which Jimmy's story brings to mind, in which I was engaged and had almost forgotten. It tells of my own short connection with a boliche, but not how I came to be so engaged. The story sheds light on the Patagonia of those days. There was a man I met once or twice in Tierra del Fuego who hit on the idea of running a boliche near the international border which would not only give him pleasant and exciting occupation, but would offer sanctuary to fleeing outlaws of both nations. He built and stocked the place, laid out a race track with the aid of a couple of runaway sailors named Joe and Jack; then laid in a stock of liquor, clothes, horse gear, and hunting material. The fame of the place spread; and I, up in the Andes, heard of it and presently rode down to see it and enjoy its excitements. While I unsaddled at its door one evening, with my horses spreading over the well-grassed vega nearby, the owner, in a state of modified excitement, told me that he was in trouble with certain authorities—he did not specify, and I did not ask questions—and to get the record clear he would have to engage in certain diplomatic conversations, taking what money he had with him. As I had nothing particular on hand and wanted to rest my twenty horses awhile, would I object to keeping an executive eye on his business for a few days, with the race course and his horses my particular care? Jack and Joe would do the inside work; and in a week, at the utmost, he would return. The experience seeming to promise excitement I, by no means blind to the perilous reality, consented. Two weeks passed without his return, but what with racing, boxing matches, shooting competitions, visits from Indians, and cribbage playing with horses for stakes, they went by pleasantly; and Jack and Joe attended to inside affairs. Then came a messenger from the man asking me to send him, for Heaven's sake, at least $1,500 by bearer, but giving no details. Jack and Joe having only a part of the amount, I made up the rest—some $800, and the bearer rode off. (Two years later, let me add, I received my loan back in a letter that had followed me to Africa, France, Mexico, and a place north of Edmonton.) Meanwhile, there was I with his boliche on my hands, with Joe talking of going on a gold digging expedition, and Jack of going to Buenos Aires. Also I began to get fidgety to be away, the more because my horses were getting fat. Then the fates sent Swinhoe that way, he being bound for nowhere in particular. To him I confessed my eagerness to be gone, and found his ear sympathetic. I also described the person of the original owner since Swinhoe did not know him; but basely, perhaps, kept to myself the declared purposes of Joe and Jack. In the end Swinhoe assumed charge without scrap of paper or stroke of pen, and I rode away happily. Like a sharp vignette I can see now, as I rode away and looked over my shoulder, Swinhoe and Jack and Joe in the doorway firing departing salutes with rifle and revolver. Of the fate of Swinhoe and the boliche I heard nothing until I read this book, telling how the place foundered with debt.

EL JIMMY AND THE AUTHOR

That incident serves to show the fine irresponsibility of men in that place and day. When Childs tells of this man and that handing $500 to another and a stranger, of wealthy men running race horses against rapscallions, of big stakes set on the turn of a card, of Jimmie broke in La Colonia but with a troop of valuable horses in the back country, of runaways becoming wealthy in a week—he does not exaggerate. But that was thirty and more years ago. Now radios, autos, jazz records, lipstick, trucks, and advertising sign boards are down there; and the glory is departed. But in those days it was a good land with good companions possessed of fine elemental qualities of courage and fidelity. So when, in Childs' book, I read of Jimmy with his more than three score years yearning for the shady lanes of his native Berkshire, or the sidewalks of New York, I smile. Far better that Jimmy stay there on the banks of Lago San Martin with his thousand sheep, and his horses, and his husky half breeds for whom his affection is writ plain, than that he try a new life and land with ways he does not know.



SHEEP-DIPPING AT LA NANA. *From "El Jimmy."*

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Saturday Review
of Literature

HENRY SEIDEL CANBY . . . . . Editor
NOBLE A. CATHCART . . . . Publisher
AMY LOVEMAN . . . . . Associate Editor
GEORGE STEVENS . . . . Managing Editor
WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT } Contributing
CHRISTOPHER MORLEY } Editors

THE SATURDAY REVIEW is indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."

THE SATURDAY REVIEW cannot assume responsibility for the return of unsolicited manuscripts submitted without an addressed envelope and the necessary postage.

Copyright, 1936, Saturday Review Co., Inc.

Art for the Public

WE write somewhat by hearsay of the numerous W.P.A. theatrical projects, yet enough has been told us to arouse interested speculation. Here seems to be something more than useful relief. They are good entertainment, sometimes professional, sometimes professional-amateur, sometimes just amateur, but usually with some substance to bite upon, often as with the Negro performances with real originality, and again manifesting, as in the impressive rendering of T. S. Eliot's "Murder in the Cathedral," an initiative which no commercial manager had been willing to take.

Is there recognition here of a vital human need—cheap theatre that is good theatre? Is there a beginning here of that participation in an art by small talents willing to be craftsmen and not insisting upon being stars, which in the past has so often led to astonishing results? It is of course impossible as yet to tell. And yet there is something spontaneous and immediate in these W.P.A. theatrical performances, and in their reception, which is not to be explained away by saying that the participants were out of a job, or that the government was paying the bill. Who paid the bill for the Greek comedies and tragedies? What were the profits of an Elizabethan stock company in comparison with the spoils of office or the returns of a landowner? Would Shakespeare have written better drama if there had been no mob at standing-room prices?

The court theatre of classic France was a theatre of privilege, as is Broadway today. A slightly different privilege—more aristocratic (which accounts for the superiority of many of the plays), less plutocratic, but still expensive enough. Today a truly aristocratic theatre seems to be impossible. No court society exists so exclusive as to give its entertainments prestige, so intelligent as to guarantee an atmosphere for the best, so self-confident as to assure the playwright that he is writing for a culture, not a coterie or a fad.

Our expensive entertainment takes one of two directions. Either it employs the technique of the camera to distribute the costs over the millions, in which case it comes perforce under the direction of minds whose clearest and most powerful aptitude is for balancing production and consumption. The laws which govern the mass handling of commodities for profits, insensibly govern it also—even though the creators (directors and authors) be creative artists of a high rank. A curious smudge or slur is as inevitable even in the best pictures (such as "The Green Pastures") and as familiar to the intelligent movie goer as the darkness and the faint breathing of a massed audience. The trail of the serpent is over it all. Sometimes a very little serpent and a very faint trail; often a slimy reptile from the pit of man's vulgarest instincts.

Or entertainment becomes plutocratic—expensive still, but banal and meaningless. The Radio City Music Hall with its admirable décor, its excellent dancers, its able musicians, its extraordinary technical equipment, unequalled, one supposes, in the history of the world, is an excellent example. There with every resource of lighting and costuming, with drama carried down to the very buttons of the attendants, a magnificent orchestra plays stale music, while a ballet perfectly trained presents a spectacle in which every detail is manicured, but lifeless, meaningless, essentially wholesale, ready-made, and banal. It is as if all the training of the *Comédie Française* should be expended upon the perfect delivery of the silly speeches of a summer revue.

The term "bourgeois" which has become such a convenient knock-you-down of abuse, fits the spirit of such performances—whether music, dancing, or moving picture—rather better than the economics of this un-Marxian country. "Bourgeois"—which suggests a little vulgarity, a stereotype of taste, a willingness to take the synthetic every time in preference to the original—is the proper qualifying word for most of our dramatic art, as it is of course also for most of our popular magazines.

Is there any other taste in America, interested enough, vigorous enough to demand large-scale satisfaction? That is a question which these W.P.A. projects, if they survive the needs of the moment, may begin at least to answer. Will they also smudge and slur if the entertainment they provide at small prices brings the populace to hear them? Or, to put it more directly, is it the vulgarity of the mass audience in a relatively classless society like ours that is responsible for the synthetic cheapness of the entertainment, or is that cheapness and triviality due primarily to the promoters and owners of projects that must be profitable if they are to survive? We want to know, for the answer will be a guide post to the possible future of art-for-the-public in America.

A Note on Translations

As the American language progressively asserts its independence, a question comes up about English translations of books—particularly of novels—in foreign languages. Often it happens that a foreign novel, translated by an Englishman, is quite as widely read in America as in England. This makes no difference in the case of a Proust, where the best English rendition is the desideratum, and where even the dialogue seldom requires colloquial transfusion. But in the case of such writers as Romains, Duhamel, and Céline, one of the most important considerations is to make over the dialogue—idiomatic, colloquial, or slang—into an equivalent with which the reader is familiar. Too often the American reader finds French characters talking like inhabitants of Bloomsbury or of Whitechapel; the effect is strange and somewhat artificial, as it would be to an English reader if he read some of Céline's passages in the idiom of the Chicago underworld. In every French novel the male characters constantly call each other "mon vieux," which the British translator faithfully renders as "old man" or "old fellow." The phrase is natural in English, but self-conscious in American; and to have Jallez and Jerphanion in "Men of Good Will" popping out with "old man" in the middle of every sentence subtly irritates the American reader. Perhaps the only solution—since duplicate translations would be too expensive—is to have all translated dialogue rewritten by P. G. Wodehouse, the only man who is perfectly at home in the colloquialisms of both English-speaking countries.

Ten Years Ago

The Saturday Review of July 31st, 1926, contained a review by William Rose Benét of Ernest Hemingway's second book "The Torrents of Spring." To quote from this review: "*Mr. Hemingway is one of the younger writers whose future may be interesting. In his book of short stories, 'In Our Time,' he presented some fiction of more than average merit, though the influence of Sherwood Anderson was discernible. 'The Torrents of Spring,' inasmuch as it burlesques the Andersonian manner, may be taken as a sign that Hemingway is freeing himself of an influence of which he is obviously conscious. . . . Hemingway, as he gropes to find himself, is simply getting Anderson out of his system.*"

Today, "The Torrents of Spring" appears in a different perspective, and critics might be more apt to find the beginnings of a new and distinctive style in this book—a style which proved highly successful in "The Sun Also Rises" and "Men Without Women"—rather than burlesque alone.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Letters to the Editor: *George Moore's Cook; The Critic's Duty*

Dublin to Chicago

SIR:—Last week's *S. R. L.* was especially acceptable because of the portrait of George Moore. The first I had seen, but I feel sure that it looks like him. And then I read this sentence in Gogarty's article:

> Moore, now that I come to think of it, had engaged a new cook.

This took me back more than twenty years to a morning when Henry M. Hyde, then a privileged reporter on the Chicago *Tribune* staff, and I were waiting for an I. C. train at Hyde Park station. Something was said about Moore, and Hyde told me that he had lately employed a girl named Therese, straight from Dublin, and that she had named George Moore as a former employer. She seemed to know nothing about him, so Hyde had his doubts as to identity.

But one day, on being praised for her cooking, Therese said substantially this:

> That's just what Mr. Moore said one day. And then he said, "Therese, do you know that I'm going to write a book about you?" And, praise the Lord, Mr. Hyde, he did it, too.

George made good, but his optimism about eugenical improvement of literature in Texas has not been justified.

HERBERT HARLEY.

Ann Arbor, Mich.

Irked

SIR:—"Is the critic's first duty to the writer or to society?" This begs the question succinctly. The critic's first, last, and only duty, as I see it, is indirectly to both the writer and society and directly to their joint birthright, literature.

Are writers a group apart, even those whose output is classified as criticism? Aren't they part and parcel of society? Could they isolate themselves if they wanted to and, if they could, would their writings then have enough significance to warrant the attention of critics? Did you ever know a writer of parts who was not also a reader and therefore, according to your own classification, "society" in all his aspects but one?

I have read the *Review* for years and shall continue to read it—but your repeated shooing of writers to one end of the arena and society to the other end and then sicking them onto each other with the critics lolling aloft under the purple curtains and like as not flipping a brass sesterce to see whether it is up thumbs or down irks me.

MARSHALL CALHOUN.

Chicago, Ill.

"Whose Constitution"

SIR:—A choice bit of Old Boston bric-a-brac was the review of Secretary Wallace's "Whose Constitution," by Felix Morley, in a recent number. Mr. Morley reminds us that men of the Eastern Coast, from Maine to Georgia, have roots, traditions, local loyalties, so that they grow up in instinctive appreciation of our country, its institutions in general, and its Constitution in particular; whereas Mr. Wallace, being born and brought up in Iowa, is essentially a mere "pioneer," rootless, foot-loose, incapable of understanding the subtler, enduring values of the national life and its citadel the Constitution. It takes three generations to make a gentleman; how many would Mr. Morley say it requires to make a truly implanted constitutional American? Henry Wallace, though born and bred in Iowa, was the son of a Pennsylvanian (n.b. an Eastern Coast man), a clergyman, editor, author, Republican, member of a Republican cabinet. Surely this father, though, like Governor Landon, he left Pennsylvania early and moved West, must nevertheless have carried with him and transmitted to his idealistic son, some unvulgarized memories and reverences of country and constitution. One would like to believe Henry Wallace a complete American.

GEORGE REBEC.

Eugene, Oregon.

"PARDON ME—DID YOU SAY SANTAYANA OR POLLYANNA?"

Memorial to A. E.

SIR:—The very representative committee in Ireland formed to establish a Memorial to A.E. have suggested to me that his American friends would be disappointed if they were not invited to contribute to such Memorial some token of their affection and veneration for this deep-natured, many-sided, and bountiful man—poet, painter, and philosopher. What form the Memorial may take will not be decided upon until November when the Dublin Committee will close the fund. Meanwhile I am sure it will be of interest to A.E.'s American friends to know that Mr. George Brett, Jr., the Macmillan Co., 60 Fifth Ave., New York City, has been good enough to consent to act as treasurer for any contributions they will want to make.

PADRIAC COLUM.

New York City.

Talcott Williams

SIR:—Does any reader of the *Review* know anything about an oil painting, nearly life size, of the late Mr. Talcott Williams, seated in academic robe? This was painted by the late Robert Vonnoh and disappeared after Mr. Williams's death in 1928 from his home in New York, where he was Director of the Pulitzer School of Journalism in Columbia University. A biography of Mr. Williams, which will appear in a few weeks, will have as frontispiece a copy of the portrait from the artist's own photograph. Will anyone having information on the subject kindly communicate with the author?

ELIZABETH DUNBAR.

412 State St.,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Ann Sophia Stephens

SIR:—Can any of your readers help me with letters of, anecdotes concerning, reminiscences of, or information concerning the descendants of Ann Sophia Stephens, our earliest successful serial writer and author of the oft-declaimed verse "The Polish Boy"?

Documents entrusted to my care will be carefully guarded and promptly returned, with postage for their transmissal to me.

Such material will be appreciated by an admirer of Ann Stephens who wishes to revive her memory.

MARION MOORE COLEMAN.

400 West 118 St.,
New York City.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Spirit of '87

STORM OVER THE CONSTITUTION. By Irving Brant. Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merrill Co. 1936. $2.

Reviewed by WALTON H. HAMILTON

AN ancient adage has it that "the gloss, not the text, is the thing." In ordinary times this is well enough. The supreme law of the land is left to the judges; fresh winds of opinion blow through its venerable words; first principles are accommodated to the infinite variety of the changing circumstances of society; a few scant lines from another age prompt an infinitude of modern meanings—and the Constitution remains discreetly in the background to bless with eternal sanction the shifting gloss on the text. Only in national crisis —the rise of popular democracy, the shadow of the coming Civil War, the threat of the great depression—do the people become curious about the instrument itself, and vaguely wonder whether statements deftly drawn from between its lines were ever tucked away there.

A product of this current curiosity is "Storm Over the Constitution" by Irving Brant. A startling paradox touches off his inquiry. In 1787 the demand for a strong federal government came from men of substance and standing; today the cry for nationalism is the voice of the people. It has come about that corporate privilege wears the rhetoric of Jeffersonian democracy; and if lesser interests which would use the state as an agency of social justice have come into the heritage of Federalist principles, the exchange seems equitable. The author, accordingly, turns to the legitimacy of the doctrines which are the newly acquired legacy of the democrats. And, as the issue concerns origins, the inquiry runs back to the historic convention of 1787.

In the livery of popular rights the author does valiant battle for the purity of Federalist doctrine. A current understanding of what the Constitution was to the Fathers—of an average age of 43—is beset with difficulties. The document may still be seen and is often read. Its classic lines are in the quaint language of late eighteenth century English. The proceedings of the convention were secret; a stenographic report of what occurred is still the scholar's most wishful dream. The accounts of members do not tell the story; the journals of Yates and Lansing are incomplete; they walked out long before the end in disgust at the rising heresy of nationalism. Madison's tinkering quill kept his panting revision almost abreast of his swing to state rights. *The Federalist* was propaganda designed to make the new instrument of national government appear reasonable to men who did not like its looks. But Brant has, with a journalist's keen sense, hunted far and near, delved into diary and document, assessed passing event and personal opinion, and in forthright manner has put together a persuasive story of the spirit of '87. It is clear enough from his account that the Fathers went as far as they dared on the way to nationalism. The appeal which Brant makes is from current judicial gloss to the original meaning of the text. His conclusion is that such authority as Congress has within the last four years asserted over money, revenue, agriculture, industry, and finance falls well within the grant of powers in the "great charter" of 1787.

It is hard to contradict his thesis. In fact at one strategic point his case is far stronger than even he knows. The legal fate of the program for the public control of "business" hangs precariously upon the word "commerce." It has not occurred to Brant—who in justification can plead the highest judicial precedents—to appeal from Sutherland, Butler, and Roberts, JJ., to Samuel Johnson and Noah Webster, and to explore the confines of the word in the eighteenth century dictionaries. In those far-off dusty pages business is still only busyness; and industry—like thrift and sobriety—has not yet left its place among the cardinal virtues enshrined in Poor Richard's Almanac. In no lexicon of the century is either word even tainted with its current meaning from the world of affairs. Commerce—at first any sort of intercourse with kinsman, hussy, or merchant—had grown up with the times. It required the better part of a century to effect the judicial corruption of commerce from "intercourse" and all that pertained thereto to the physical movement of goods. As for the current lingo of "stream" and "flow," "barrier to" and "burden upon," "direct" and "indirect effect upon," the Fathers of the Constitution would have been completely stumped.

IRVING BRANT

The author's thesis is quite true; the question is of its relevancy. Nineteen Thirty-Six is not Seventeen Eighty-Seven by some fifteen tumultuous decades. The field of battle, the parties at interest, the issues in controversy are all different. The cause of state sovereignty is dead. It was killed by the Civil War. An industrial system which has grown up with no respect for state lines and which has made citizens of the political community severally members one of another forbids its resurrection. There are today no state-righters; states do not now appeal to the courts for protection against federal usurpation. The issue has faded into a secondary question of administrative expediency. With due regard to the distinctive capacities of nation and state, where is the line of authority between them to be drawn?

The current struggle is over quite a different issue; it breaks along quite different political lines. It is a clash not between nation and political subdivision, but between the political state and the business system. A rising reform group insists upon the public control of business; the interests threatened with regulation assert the independence of the economic order from political authority. The "democrats" who demand control are not followers of Alexander Hamilton; they are crusaders who see in federal authority alone an instrument adequate to their purpose. The "tories" who resist interference are not devotees to the creed of Calhoun and Jefferson Davis; they are opponents to governmental interference with business. They stand as staunchly against state as against national encroachment. A touch of irony marks the championship of state rights—for purposes of dialectics only—by corporations whose sprawling activities know no state lines. In the Schechter case the federal government was told that minimum wages were to be left to the states; in the Tipaldo case the affectation of solicitude for the police power of the states was dropped—and the frontiers of business were protected against governmental invasion. In the recent Guffey Act case the national regulation of bituminous coal was declared a nullity in the face of a plea of incompetence by the coal-producing states. There is no vitality in current state rights; the doctrines of old are the counters with which the political game is played.

The current movement for control is creating its own philosophy. It is a lucky accident that the prestige of the older federalism is so easily appropriated by the newer nationalism. But, after all, usefulness does not depend upon origins; and the bar sinister should not be plead —even against the pretensions of up-to-date state-rights. The Fathers did establish a national authority over the economic order; it never occurred to them that they were creating an instrument for a national industrial democracy. In the current crisis a developing nation must choose between the overlordship of the political state and the independence of the business system. The issue will be resolved—as it must be—by an appeal to current realities. The event will be justified—as it always is—by reference to the sanctions of the Constitution.

Walton H. Hamilton, formerly professor of law at the Yale Law School, is Director of the Bureau of Research and Statistics of the Social Security Board.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Bowling Green by Christopher Morley

Sweeping the Hearth

The Knothole, July.

THERE is a peculiar pleasure in sweeping a hearth. (I suppose nothing is really more pathetic than the little neatnesses of man.) As you brush into the fireplace the scatter of pipe-cinders, burnt matches, scraps of paper-char blown out by last night's wind in the chimney, a dead moth or the half scorched tea-bag that fell short, a great deal of uncertain sentiment stirs in the mind. It does not come easily into words: it has the mixed seriousness of futility and finality that man knows so well; and prefers not to analyze. The only conscious thought is that each time the hearth is swept those big slabs of stone are a trifle smoother; have, for you, a little more meaning; more of yourself.

It isn't mannerly, I dare say, to talk about a job while it's still only in a state of struggle (though I remember how much huzza some brainy magazine made about somebody's *Work in Progress;* Joyce, wasn't it?) but while mumbling to myself over the forthcoming revision of *Bartlett's Quotations* I often think that the job is just that: sweeping the hearth of literature. A menial service, one might think; yet, in any civilized household an important one. One acts as proxy for Posterity. It costs a pang to sweep out some good old lad who "flourished" in his time and was a hearty favorite fifty years ago but is obviously no longer necessary. (Humanity can't go on carrying all its luggage forever.) Ancient footnotes that have come downstream through a succession of former editors; shrill patriotic huzzas from the days of 1776; allusions to mysterious writers such as AXEL OXENSTIERN and VON MÜNCH BELLINGHAUSEN; some of Wordsworth's bleatings when he was fecund rather than facund; lozenges from the original Smith Brothers—not of the cough drops but of the Rejected Addresses—how much of that sort of thing is still essential to this wallowing world? Not an easy question to answer; and however answered there will be grievance. In such a job one resigns one's self to being the most reprobated editor in print.

The hearth must be swept, however; the new clean fire is not to be choked by too much debris of the past. Every firebuilder knows that a bed of ashes and used coals helps the fresh blaze, catches the glow and radiates warmth, gives depth and bottom to the flame—up to a point. But there comes a time to open the chute and rake out the old cinders.

Whatever happens, I aspire to keep AXEL OXENSTIERN and VON MÜNCH BELLINGHAUSEN. They deserve a footnoted or marginal immortality for their names alone, and as far as I can help them toward it I shall. They fascinate me as the pale anonymous curate did Max Beerbohm. (See his essay, *A Clergyman.*)

But all that is irrelevant, and at the moment only my private concern. My notion simply was that doing some literary fatigue or kitchen-police while cleaning for a possible vacation was also a sort of sweeping the hearth. My hope today was to make a fire in the chimney—not with intent to destroy, but to brighten a cool evening—with some sticks of literary kindling that I've been seasoning in the woodpile.

If there are still some who haven't read Hazlitt's *On Going a Journey,* I suggest it as the perfect appetizer for a vacation. And this is the time of year to remind ourselves of the odd little paradox Mr. E. V. Lucas once pointed out in an essay on Charles Lamb. Everyone is familiar with Lamb's *Oxford in the Vacation;* and those who love both Oxford and Elia have always enjoyed imagining that small bemused figure roving the familiar quadrangles. So it was quite a shock to learn from Mr. Lucas that the famous essay was really written at Cambridge, when the Lambs were there on holiday in the summer of 1820. This explains a certain meagreness of local color in Elia's allusions to Oxford.

Speaking of universities in the vacation, I liked the story C. G. told me of a young Frenchwoman studying at the Columbia Summer School. Some of her zealous companions were chiding her on not enrolling for more courses. At that rate, they said, it would take her a very long time to get her M.A. To which she replied "Je ne veux *avoir* M.A., je veux *être* aimé."

Lamb's own French was just about sufficient to grasp that simple pun. For (again from Mr. Lucas's *At the Shrine of St. Charles*) we have learned that when Elia in Paris ordered an egg for breakfast his pronunciation brought him instead a glass of brandy. Mr. Lucas conjectures that what he actually said was *un œuf, vite;* which the waiter thought to be *eau de vie.* More mysterious still was my own experience on my first visit to Paris. I asked the waiter for a box of matches and eventually received a ham sandwich. I have never yet been able to unweave the phonetics of that episode.

Our old friend George W. Harris (Harrison, N. Y.) kindly sends me Hokusai's noble apologia which I wanted to read again:—

From Hokusai's Preface to His "Hundred Views of Fuji"

From the age of six I had a mania for drawing the forms of things. By the time I was fifty I had published an infinity of designs; but all I have produced before the age of seventy is not worth taking into account. At seventy-three I have learned a little about the real structure of nature, of animals,

THE JOSEPH CONRAD LIBRARY, SEAMEN'S CHURCH INSTITUTE OF N. Y.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

plants, trees, birds, fishes and insects. In consequence, when I am eighty, I shall have made still more progress; at ninety I shall penetrate the mystery of things; at a hundred I shall certainly have reached a marvelous stage; and when I am a hundred and ten, everything I do, be it but a dot or a line, will be alive. I beg those who live as long as I do to see if I do not keep my word.

Written at the age of seventy-five by me, once Hokusai, today Gwakio Rojin, the old man mad about drawing.

(From *Hokusai* by C. J. Holmes: Number One of the Artist's Library: Edited by Laurence Binyon and Published by Longmans Green & Co. 1901.)

Mr. Harris adds interesting comment:—

As supplementary to this Statement, you may like to know it is recorded that on his deathbed he murmured, "If Heaven could only grant me ten more years!" Then a moment after, when he realized that the end had come, "If Heaven had only granted me five more years I could have become a real painter." And so he died on May 10, 1849, in his ninetieth year.

Certainly, as Mr. C. J. Holmes remarks in his delightful little book on Hokusai, in old age he lost nothing of his skill and little of his cheerfulness, if we may judge from a letter written to a friend during his fatal illness in 1849:

"King Yemma [the Japanese Pluto] being very old is retiring from business, so he has built a pretty country house, and asks me to go and paint a kakemono for him. I am thus obliged to leave, and, when I leave, shall carry my drawings with me. I am going to take a room at the corner of Hell Street, and shall be happy to see you whenever you pass that way. Hokusai."

Postscript to Cowper

Pernicious weed! whose scent the fair annoys,
Unfriendly to society's chief joys:
Thy worst effect is banishing for hours
The sex whose presence civilizes ours.
—Cowper, 1785

Five generations passed. They learned to smoke,
To share the smokeroom highball and the joke:
Did they our male vulgarity condemn?
Don't make me laugh. We're barbarizing *them*.

Coincidence

Engaging coincidence! In last week's Green we printed a picture of the Union Pacific *Streamliner* against a jagged mountain background; and in the same issue we inquired "What is the Royal Teton? a mountain or a hotel?"

Now we learn from Mr. W. S. Basinger of the Union Pacific that the mountains in that picture were the Tetons themselves, near Jackson Hole, Wyo. Mr. Basinger adds, what we never suspected, that the photo was a phony. "The Streamliner was never actually near them," he says. "The photo of the train was fixed with this background."

Somehow it makes me think of Thackeray's ballad:

How spake of old the royal seer?
His text is one I love to treat on:
This life of ours, he said, is sheer
Mataiotes mataioteton.

Some day we're going to get a ride in the Streamliner and see where she really does go.

Gibbon's Prophecy

The book I myself hope to read on vacation, and which I've been getting ready for during some 25 years, is Gibbon's autobiography. By the way, it was Gibbon who said that *Tom Jones* "will outlive the palace of the Escorial and the imperial eagle of the house of Austria." Professor Charles Osgood noted some time ago that this prophecy was already half fulfilled; and if things get very rough in Spain it may soon be complete.

Prerequisite for Poets

"In medieval China drinking was regarded as an elegant accomplishment rather than as a vice. Poets in particular were encouraged to imbibe to the point of inebriety, which in Chinese social parlance is 'tsui,' carrying the connotation of 'illumination.'"

—Genevieve Wimsatt, author of "Selling Wilted Peonies," the story of Yu Hsuan-Chi, famous poetess of the T'ang dynasty.

It was the vine, in good T'ang's day,
That won the poets fame and sway;
Old China's bards were thirsty souls
Who scorned mere cups, and called for bowls!
What was it gave their songs bouquet?
It was the vine!

E'en Yu Hsuan-chi was dumb, they say,
Till Bacchus blithely danced her way!
It was no Muse who filled her scrolls—
It was the vine.

A Chinese bard, to win his bay,
First had to get a thirst; then, gay,
Could light his thoughts at Fancy's coals
And boldly tackle any goals!
Not drunk—*illuminated,* eh?
It was divine!
Kenneth A. Fowler.

On July 29 the steamer *State of Delaware* went on a day-time cruise up Long Island Sound, for the benefit of the Joseph Conrad Memorial Library at the Seamen's Church Institute. The price of admission was not money but books: four novels admitted each passenger to a free passage. A highly ingenious and successful benefit for a fine cause. The chief desideratum of this library, much used by seamen in port, is modern fiction.

The Charity Organization Society, 105 E. 22 St., New York, needs about $1,200 more to send to the country children hopefully waiting on their August list. If any one cares to chip in, the chips will fall where they'll do much good.

The Conqueror of Cornwallis

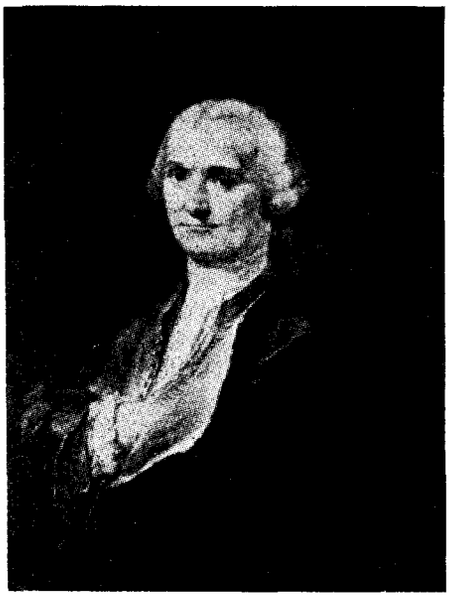
ROCHAMBEAU, FATHER AND SON. By Jean-Edmond Weelen. New York: Henry Holt & Co. 1936. $3.

Reviewed by Meade Minnigerode

IT is an irony of history that Cornwallis, the loser at Yorktown, should remain better known than the victor, Rochambeau. And yet for Cornwallis Yorktown was only an unfortunate incident, to shrug the shoulders at and forget; for Rochambeau it was the big moment of a long, painstaking career.

The reason for all this is partly to be found perhaps in the fact that, for the British, the war—their larger war with France—did not end at Yorktown, but in the smashing defeat administered by Rodney in the West Indies to the French fleet under de Grasse, the fleet which had recently returned from the Chesapeake. That had been Rochambeau's idea, that de Grasse should bring the French fleet to the Chesapeake; and it made Yorktown possible; but in order to get there, de Grasse left a British fleet behind him; and Rodney's triumph was amply to compensate Cornwallis's defeat, itself no greater than Burgoyne's.

Rochambeau was a soldier, with an army to lead to victory in a specific enterprise; and it was not his obligation to look into the future. But the Yorktown campaign was of his own choosing, adopted without any special regard for his instructions from home, and forced on Washington very much against the latter's will. Into this blind alley of personal determination—based, to be sure, upon the most conscientious and devoted military instincts—into this blind alley de Grasse was drawn; and the way was open to France's ultimate disaster which even



THE MARÉCHAL DE ROCHAMBEAU
From the portrait by Duplessis belonging to Mr. Roger Clausse.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Suffren in India could not retrieve. It was characteristic of the two nations—of their psychology and science of war—that to the English Rodney's naval victory should be of greater importance, as fundamentally it was, than Cornwallis's military defeat; while to the French the loss of a fleet was as nothing compared to the victory of an army.

To American readers, the shoes are all on other feet. Yorktown remains Yorktown; a culmination and an end. And what will probably prove of greatest interest is the realization of Washington's reluctance to go to Yorktown, of his opposition to that plan of campaign, of the difficulty which Rochambeau encountered in putting over his idea against an obstinacy which—in the estimation of the French—could only be overcome by the wiles of a flattery emphasizing the American general's status as Commander-in-Chief. As Professor Chinard points out in his Preface, one seems to be at G. H. Q. in the Great War.

Rochambeau, a very great man, was a plodder, earnest and solemn—though not without humor—and this book moves without drums or trumpets through the events of his life. And yet there must have been trumpets at Yorktown; there were certainly drums at the height of the Great Terror in Paris, when Rochambeau was in dire peril. But it was to be his good fortune to have them all fade away, Yorktown's trumpets and Robespierre's drums, and to end his days in serenity—and hardly an echo of them has remained for Mr. Weelen to catch.

Among Meade Minnigerode's numerous historical studies are "Some Mariners of France" and "Jefferson, Friend of France."

Gorky: Ancestor of Young Russia

(*Continued from page* 4)

tance has been growing steadily. No one would have the hardihood to compare the two men today.

No literary soothsayer, however, and least of all the pacifist Tolstoy, could have foreseen Gorky's real place in Russian literature. To do that he would have had to "look into the seeds of time and say which grain will grow and which will not." In other words he would have had to know the course that the Russian Revolution would take. He would have had to see the seeds which were Gorky's bossaki or tramps grow into the "committees of the poor," whom Lenin's government sent into the village to search out and seize the food hidden by the peasants, for the bossaki and their like were among those swept into power by the Bolshevist revolution. It would have been necessary for our prophet to anticipate the eradication of the intellectuals who had, under the Czars, suffered, bled, and died because of their love for the people. He would have had to envisage a multitude of other unpredictable paradoxes of Russian history since 1917.

GORKY ABOUT 1900

Because of all these factors it has come to pass that the tramps whom Gorky knew so well and described with consummate skill have been steadily in the ascendant in the new Russia. They are the bone and sinew out of which Russia's new intelligentsia is being bred. Out of the writer Alexey Maximovitch Peshkov, who chose his pen name Gorky, which means bitter, because it best symbolized his attitude toward life, ironic history has made the progenitor of the new born Soviet intellectuals, through his literary children Chelkash, Konovalov, and Orlov.

It is passing strange, because, as we have seen, Gorky had little love for the intelligentsia of his own time, and on the other hand he had no faith in the peasants and the toiling masses. He insisted that his own Chelkash, Konovalov, Orlov, were true portraits of the Russian worker, and he scoffed at the love of the intelligentsia for the masses and took the intellectuals to task for exaggerating the virtues of the common man.

For all that Gorky will go down in literary history as the ancestor of the young Russia. To be sure, his nomadic heroes have been completely made over. Today they are no longer permitted to roam at will. Some of them have no doubt learned to accept responsibility. Under Stalin's latest orders they may even have become reconciled to the proximity of a wife and children. But if Stalin can be accepted as the voice of this new Russian gentry they remain true to Gorky's original bossak in one respect—his disbelief in human equality.

Manya Gordon, a Russian by birth, has long been a resident of this country. She has been in active touch with Russian affairs since the outbreak of the Revolution, and comes of a family which took part in the revolutionary movement before the World War.

Qualities of the Renaissance Mind

THE ENCHANTED GLASS. By Hardin Craig. New York: Oxford University Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by TUCKER BROOKE

MY favorite nightmare is that of arriving at a dinner party of ten, made up of my own lineal male ancestors. The tenth man would be a subject of Queen Elizabeth, and probably a more astonishing human being than any modern fancy could conceive. It is this spectral creature with whom Professor Craig seeks to make us better acquainted in his learned and shrewdly written book. His ambitious purpose is to give us some notion of what went on within the skulls of the people who created and first read the Elizabethan literature, and to show how by further labor we can enlarge that notion, for the author's method is exploratory rather than dogmatic. His pages bristle with questions that have no answer in our present state of knowledge and his notes are crammed with references to huge and weirdly varied works through which a curious inquirer might very happily stalk the answers for a dozen years.

"Our concern," Professor Craig summarizes on page 209, "is with a people disposed to obey rather precipitantly and at any cost a vast body of ready-made statutes, which they did not and could not understand as we understand them." The general nature of this vast body of now obsolete mental statutes he indicates in a series of chapters on the Elizabethan conceptions of the universe, of man's relation to the world above him, of the intellectual atmosphere in which he worked, his ideals of education, notions of psychology, logic, rhetoric, social decency, and art.

There are many charming pages and luminous paragraphs, but the entire book is not easily luminous and will demand more than one reading, plus chewing and digesting. It is a plea, much in the Renaissance spirit, for synthesis against the specialized and partial analysis of modern scholarship. "Much of our study," says the author (page 239), "has been so persistently analytical that we have sometimes forgotten that unless, in our hand or other hands, it becomes synthetical we can never realize its object." The last chapter brings this plea into impressive focus, and the book does in its 264 compact pages itself offer a synthesis well worth attending—necessarily Mr. Craig's synthesis, with something about it of the formal formlessness which makes the greater Elizabethan works so magnificently intractable to criticism.

Tucker Brooke is Sterling Professor of English and Fellow of Calhoun College at Yale. He is the author and editor of numerous works in the Elizabethan field.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Controversy Over Jutland

THE BATTLE OF JUTLAND. By Holloway H. Frost. Annapolis: United States Naval Institute. 1936. $4.50.

Reviewed by C. P. STACEY

JUST twenty years ago, on May 31, 1916, the greatest naval battle in history took place in the North Sea. In it more than 8,600 men lost their lives, and twenty-five ships were sunk. Yet it had no immediate or decisive effect on the course of the war, and it left behind a heritage of controversy which will probably continue as long as men sail the seas.

The argument has centered about two main points. First—who won the battle? Does the palm properly go to the Germans, who inflicted losses greater than their own upon a fleet far superior in strength, or to the British, whose command of the sea was strengthened rather than shaken by the events of Jutland? To this, it is clear, no simple answer is possible. Secondly, there has been a great conflict of opinion concerning the abilities of the two chief British commanders. Are we to admire Jellicoe, the cautious and calculating commander of the Grand Fleet, who laid down in 1914 the principles upon which he proposed to act and followed them with complete consistency throughout his time at sea, ever keeping before him the central fact that the safety of the British Empire and its allies depended upon his "keeping his fleet in being"? Or are we to prefer his much more colorful subordinate, Beatty of the battle-cruisers, the dashing and aggressive fighter whose daring made him beloved by the writers and readers of headlines? There was a time when the British public, at least, had few doubts about which it preferred; but now that the evidence is all available we see that this matter too is not as simple as it might appear.

This most recent contribution to the discussion was written by Commander Holloway Frost, U.S.N., who unhappily did not live to see the book in print. It is the fruit of eighteen years of painstaking investigation, and in consequence is the most careful and compendious account of Jutland we are ever likely to have. Phase by phase, almost shot by shot, Commander Frost analyzes the battle in the light of his research and his own professional experience, and the result is a book which will be greatly valued by students of history and by naval tacticians. For the general reader, it will hardly replace "The Riddle of Jutland," by Langhorne Gibson and Admiral J. E. T. Harper, which appeared last year and which is certainly the most absorbingly interesting narrative of the sort in print. Persons without some special knowledge will perhaps not profit by Commander Frost's technical criticisms, and his style is sometimes a trifle wooden; but no one who professes more than a passing interest in the subject can fail to read his book.

He does not attempt to tell us who won, considering such a discussion futile. He does believe that Jellicoe's Fabian tactics, his determination to avoid every unnecessary risk, lost for the British "that imponderable and invaluable moral ascendency" which had been such an advantage to them in their naval enterprises in the past. "Jellicoe, in our opinion," he writes, "conducted his fleet ably in accordance with an inherently erroneous conception of naval warfare." This does not imply praise for Beatty, whose conception was so different; for Beatty "committed numerous errors." Of all the leaders he most admires Hipper, the commander of the German battle-cruisers: "his skill and resolute spirit stamp him as one of the greatest leaders in naval history."

In his estimate of Jellicoe, Frost differs notably from Gibson and Harper, whose book is a piece of special pleading for the commander-in-chief. Jellicoe, they argue, would have gained little by a decisive victory—nothing in fact but the command of the North Sea, which he had already; whereas a defeat produced by rashness would have ruined the Allies. Frost actually suggests that a great victory at Jutland might have resulted in the collapse of the Central Powers in 1916. He bases this suggestion largely on the belief that it would have given the British control of the Baltic and so opened communications with Russia. Whether it would really have had such an effect seems to this reviewer, considering the confined nature of the channels between the North Sea and the Baltic, at least open to question; and if this premise of Frost's is unsound, his argument against Jellicoe's tactics is considerably weakened.

C. P. Stacey is a member of the history department at Princeton.

A Guide to the Arts of Japan

A HANDBOOK OF JAPANESE ART. By Noritake Tsuda. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. 1936. $6.

Reviewed by LOUIS V. LEDOUX

THE ten good color-plates and 345 clearly printed half-tones in this volume would make the book important to the average occidental lover of art even if its text were less informative and well written than it is. Specialists have at their disposal or can consult in libraries large and costly works that discuss at length and illustrate exhaustively Japanese sculpture, painting, etc., of different periods; but for the average Westerner who wishes to gain superficial knowledge of the art of Japan and to see 350 well chosen examples of it adequately reproduced, Mr. Tsuda's Handbook will be of invaluable assistance.

The plan of the book is simple. The first part, covering three hundred pages, is composed of a series of chapters each of which has to do with a separate period of art history from the prehistoric to the contemporary, and each of these is subdivided into sections on sculpture, painting, architecture, and such minor arts as flourished especially in the era under consideration. The distinctive characteristics of the art of each period are pointed out, at least superficially, and the leading artists of the period are briefly described with references to a few of their works. The reader feels always that the author knew much more than he was able to put down in the limited space at his disposal, and sometimes—as in the mention of the humor of Hanabusa Itcho—the compression is too great to allow the point to be made rather than taken on faith. If the volume were a history of art rather than a handbook this would be a serious shortcoming as, for example, a Japanese who was a serious student of Occidental art would not have his mind greatly improved by reading a single paragraph about Michael Angelo which gave his dates and pointed out his relationship to the spirit of his time and listed a half-dozen of his more important works among which two were reproduced.

THREE-STORIED STUPA
Yakushi-ji, Yameto.

The second part of the book covers nearly two hundred pages and, except for the beauty of its illustrations, will be more useful to tourists going to Japan, as they do go in ever increasing numbers, than to those who learn what they can by staying at home. This final section of the volume selects somewhat arbitrarily and describes very well certain important things that ought to be seen in the museums, temples, palaces, etc., in different localities. To pick out a dozen things from the thousand treasures of a great museum is a rather summary procedure, but nevertheless any American who saw well the objects selected and reproduced by Mr. Tsuda would come back with very greatly increased knowledge and appreciation and with a door opened through which what he had already acquired would enable him to enter with keen interest and thoroughly awakened perception. From this point of view the Handbook would be an ideal gift to send anyone going to Japan.

Louis V. Ledoux is president of the Society for Japanese Studies.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Origins of Modern Science

A HISTORY OF SCIENCE, TECHNOLOGY, AND PHILOSOPHY IN THE 16TH AND 17TH CENTURIES. By A. Wolf, with the Coöperation of F. Dannemann and A. Armitage. New York: The Macmillan Co. 1935. $7.

Reviewed by CHARLES ATWOOD KOFOID

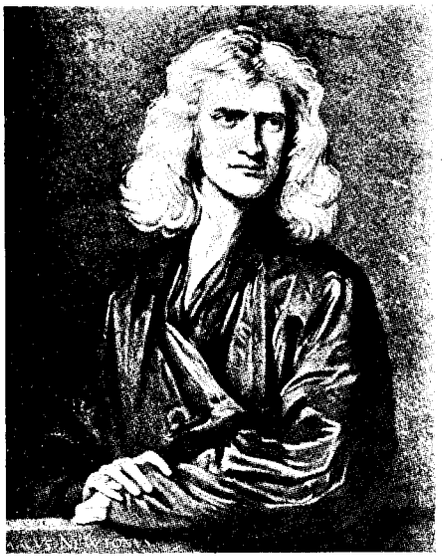
MAN is both an inquisitive and an acquisitive animal; hence science and its applications. Historians of science have been wont to restrict the scope of their treatises to the discoveries and discoverers in the field of pure science and thus leave to others the story of invention and the applications of scientific principles in the arts, industries, transportation, and war. Each thus presents but a partial and incomplete picture of his field and both fail to portray the interactions of these two aspects of science each upon the other and the effects of both upon social organization and movements and upon culture and civilization. Thus, Darwin's theory of natural selection profoundly influenced philosophy, religion, nationalism, war, the class struggle, politics, business, and industry. The results of Mendel's garden experiments have not only stimulated cytology, genetics, and evolutionary theory, but they have also brought new colors into gardens and made it feasible to build up bigger and better capons.

The causes of this unfortunate segregation are intricately complex. They include the vastness of the two fields and multifariousness of the essential data in each. Perhaps also the type of mind which can with effectiveness enter both fields and emerge with a well-proportioned treatise is rare, both in interest and experience. Professor Wolf, who fills the chair of the History and Methods of Science in the University of London, has undertaken this herculean task with happy results. He has limited the scope of his volume to the two centuries in which the foundations of modern science were laid, the awakened 16th century and the 17th century of genius. He has also associated with himself in this laborious enterprise Dr. F. Dannemann, of the University of Bonn, the well-known historian of the biological sciences, and Mr. A. Armitage, an authority in astronomy and mathematics, as well as numerous other specialists in various fields.

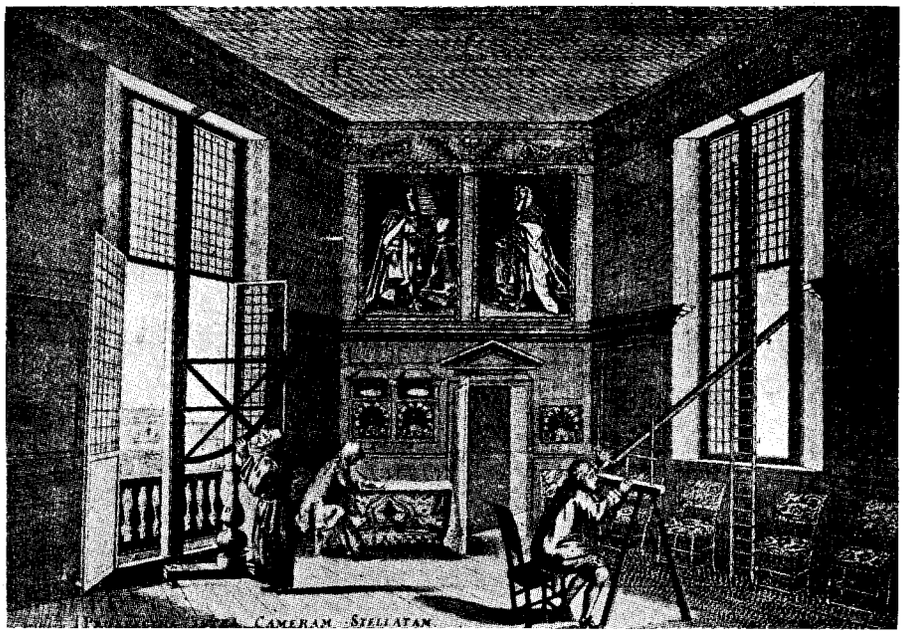
Modern science had its heritage, and a rich one, too, from the past; but it was born when knowledge was freed from the impeding trammels of authority by the secularization of knowledge and it waxed strong as it was implemented with the tools of research. Scientific instruments made measurements feasible, invited experimentation, and laid the bases for comparison, verification, and criticism. Unbridled speculation gave way to hypothesis and proof, and theories were replaced by the laws of nature.

The telescope, microscope, thermometer, hypsometer, barometer, air-pump, pendulum, and the marine clock, the forerunner of the ship's chronometer, all began to amass data which called for discussion, demonstration, and correspondence which resulted in the organization of the academies. Among these were the Academy of Experiments in Florence (1657), the Royal Society of London (1662), and the academies at Paris (1666) and Berlin (1700). Henry Oldenburg, the first secretary of the Royal Society, reflected the spirit of these groups in his letter to Spinoza, in 1662: "Come then, excellent Sir, and banish all fear of stirring up the pygmies of our time; long enough have sacrifices been made to ignorance and absurdity; let us spread the sails of true knowledge, and search more deeply into the innermost parts of Nature than has been done hitherto."

The scope of the book is all-embracing, including Mathematics, Astronomy, Mechanics, Physics, Meteorology, Chemistry, Geology, Geography, Biology, Psychology, the Social Sciences, Economics, Statistics, and Philosophy. The progress of technology is traced in medicine, surgery, pharmacology; in agriculture; in textiles, spinning, weaving, and knitting; in building construction, strength of materials, and building mechanics; in mining and metallurgy; in glass making; in mechanical engineering, hauling machines, water pumps, waterworks, ventilation, and mechanical drawing; in the steam engine; and in mechanical calculators, the abacus, Napier's bones, the slide rule, and calculating machines. The list of applications of scientific discoveries as yet unavailable would be even more significant than this imposing recital of accomplishments. It is noteworthy that the microscope had as yet done nothing for medicine or epidemiology, that transportation was still slow and undeveloped, that the home was still the factory, and that the burden of toil was still on men's shoulders.



ISAAC NEWTON



THE GREENWICH OBSERVATORY IN FLAMSTEED'S TIME

Sins of omission abound in the nearly seven hundred pages of the book. Surely a place might have been found in technology for the printing press, even though no mathematical or mechanical principle of significance is embodied in it. One also desires to know the sources of the many fine illustrations which the author has not adequately documented. The brief chapter of thirty pages given to the biological sciences is largely biographical and not well integrated within itself or with the book as a whole. These defects, however, serve to accentuate the wide scope of the book and still more to reveal the importance which attaches to the subject which the author treats. Our own times with their perplexing catastrophes are the outgrowth of scientific and technologic developments which had their origins in these fateful centuries of the Copernican System, the Newtonian Synthesis, and the Cartesian Philosophy. The world has need of a new intellectual reorientation. Dr. Wolf's close study of the history of human thought and endeavor in its most objective spheres is a splendid beginning in this reorientation.

Charles Atwood Kofoid is professor of zoölogy at the University of California.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Sponsor of Gothic

MY LIFE IN ARCHITECTURE. By Ralph Adams Cram. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. 1936. $3.50.

Reviewed by AYMAR EMBURY II

RALPH ADAMS CRAM is one of that group of older men which raises a doubt as to whether the architectural school is worth while. When you consider that Cram and his former partner, Goodhue, Klauder of Philadelphia, Charles Platt, to mention only a few, became the leading architectural figures in America without ever having had any formal architectural education, and in some cases without even a good office apprenticeship, it becomes apparent that architecture is an art, not a science, and that a native talent is more important in good work than the best of training.

Dr. Cram, as he ought to be called since he is one of the few architects who has been honored by our universities with the doctorate degree, began his architectural career at precisely the time when architecture began to emerge from the apparently hopeless condition which persisted throughout most of the Victorian period, and became, even as a very young man, a leader in the renaissance of this great art. It must have been exceedingly difficult for the men of that period to find a way out of the wilderness. One Moses had already appeared, H. H. Richardson, who found a way, but unfortunately for most of his followers, the wrong one; a little later another group of prophets arose who, like the religious prophets, led their devoted followers each in a different direction, McKim toward the Classic, Louis Sullivan toward a new style, and Cram toward Gothic.

It is as yet uncertain whether, as Cram appears to believe, Gothic architecture will in the future persist side by side with other styles, its use restricted to those buildings, notably colleges and churches, for which it has such magnificent historical prototypes, both architectural and sentimental. We do know that such a persistence is not impossible. Some of the finest Gothic structures were erected during the Renaissance, and we today, separated from them by a couple of centuries, feel no anachronism exists. Even in the period of the Greek revival here in the United States, some very respectable Gothic buildings were erected, notably Trinity Church in New York, and Trinity Church in New Haven, and it may be that even if Gothic architecture always remains a sort of orchid on the tree of architectural life, it will have justified itself by the splendor of the structures which it has produced.

To this "Gothic revival" no one contributed so greatly as Cram, not only because of his work, but also because of his preaching and teaching. There is a saying: "Them as can does; them as can't teaches." If this is a rule, Cram is the exception that proves it, since, while like every architect's, his work has been somewhat uneven, the high spots cannot be surpassed. There is no Gothic nave in the world more beautiful than that of St. John the Divine in New York, and this is by no means an archeological *tour de force,* but a logical use of Gothic motifs in a manner that no medieval architect had thought of. Cram *thought* Gothic.

Cram's practice, has, however, by no means been confined to Gothic work. He, like the rest of us, is unable occasionally to resist his temptation to stray away from what he believes to be his *métier,* and try his hand at designs derived from other historic forms, and one might add has even been able to persuade himself that he has been correct in doing so.

This ability to be on both sides of a fence and be right on both appears to be a characteristic of Cram which he himself recognizes. He tells that in his young days he became an enthusiastic monarchist, at the same time managing to be also a socialist, and explains it by adding: "I doubt if any one of us had ever read a line of Karl Marx, and most of us had not even heard his name. We were socialists because we were young enough to have generous impulses." It is this quality which makes Cram so interesting. He is still young enough to have generous impulses not only in life but in art, and his divagations have been not only the product of his generous impulses, but have justified themselves by the excellence of their results. He is always discovering something and is never satisfied until he gets other people to share with him. At twenty-three it was Venice, at thirty it was Greece, fifteen years ago Mallorca, and last year it was Mexico, where he passed the winter at Taxco. He enjoys living as he does his work.

Naturally to the architect the most interesting feature of his book is Cram's reaction to the current modernist cult, and about this one finds him to be surprisingly tolerant, with a phrase which seems to me to be particularly true: "What to do now, when we no longer do anything instinctively; when a life without unity or consistency furnishes no creative impulse; when, by and large, we have only rudimentary and fluid ideas as to what constitutes beauty; when we have cut ourselves off for a century from any sort of living tradition; and finally when in our rather pathetic helplessness we have to rely on the broken (or at least very badly bent and equally unreliable) reed of the professional architect? This is, I admit, a very dubious question. I suppose we have got to begin again—pick up something of the lost social tradition, something also of the lost architectural tradition; but in doing so, I am perfectly sure that there are two agencies on which we cannot in any case rely, and these are the practitioner of 'period' design and the protagonist of a crazy and fantastic Modernism." Cram may be a traditionalist, but he is primarily the instinctive esthete in its real sense.

This is an interesting book by an interesting man about an interesting man, and yet it is not a conceited book or a vain book. It is hard to quote from because it is a mosaic of Cram rather than a photograph.

Mr. Embury, a New York architect, formerly taught architecture at Princeton.

The Criminal Record

The Saturday Review's Guide to Detective Fiction

Title and Author	*Crime, Place, Sleuth*	*Summing Up*	*Verdict*
THE SEVEN SEAS MURDERS *Van Wyck Mason* (Crime Club: $2.)	Shanghai, Algeria, Guatemala, and high seas echo with shots from Capt. North's trusty gat.	Secret service stuff, sprinkled with brave G2 men, slinky ladies, black hearted spies, devilment, and death.	Thriller
MURDER ISN'T EASY *Richard Hull* (Putnam: $2.)	Mutually hateful British advt. agcy. trio reduced 2/3 by poisoned tea. Insp. Hoopington reads diaries and solves.	Excellent as satire on admen generally: sinisterly amusing: clever as to method: but translucent as to "mystery."	A bit fragile
THE SPIDER'S TOUCH *Valentine Williams* (Houghton Mifflin: $2.)	Young American embassy attaché suspected of treason is saved from redoubtable "Clubfoot's" clutches by daring quartet of adventurers.	Intrigue, action, and romance from the start with the elusive Doktor Adolf Grundt as fiendish (and as uncannily likeable) as ever.	Standard brand
THE DUMB WITNESS *T. Arthur Plummer* (Macaulay: $2.)	Village benefactor slain. Corpus delicti vanishes but Andy Frampton and clever Schipperke find it.	Long drawn out affair with certain jarring notes—but as yarn of devil's work in small town it's engrossing.	Slow but satisfactory
DEATH STOPS THE MANUSCRIPT *Richard M. Baker* (*Introduction by S. S. Van Dine*) (Scribners: $2.)	Pseudo-suicide of Hub savant doesn't fool pedagogue Franklin Russell, who models himself on Philo Vance with painful results.	Chief mysteries are Van Dine's foreword and dialect of Irish cops. Paraphrasing O. Nash, Franklin Russell needs a kick in the bustle.	Amateurish

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The PHŒNIX NEST

CONTEMPORARY POETRY: BY WILLIAM ROSE BENÉT

Western Writing

MORE and more it seems strange to a visitor in California who even touches the edge of academic circles at the large universities, and who talks at all to those interested in literature, that this large and vigorous state, so productive even to boastfulness in other fashions, is not also a true literary centre. By literary we do not mean "arty." San Francisco, ere this, has had its Bohemian set, its own type of Greenwich Village (that title used here in the more silly sense—we appreciate the Village's virtues). Its largest club, in fact, is called The Bohemian Club—though that is now chiefly a club of business men run for business men. California also has its Carmel which—not as in the old days when George Sterling was king—is now a rather "arty" colony, despite the fact that the really first-rate poet, Robinson Jeffers, has built him a stone house and tower there, in lonely splendor overlooking the sea. No, by literary we mean the development of an atmosphere in which California and other writers could do their best work without surrendering to the wayward desire to migrate East. Heaven knows, in a sense, the East needs them. When the West Coast storms the Eastern seaboard, it is usually to the latter's advantage. Years ago the Irwins (Will and Wallace), Gelett Burgess, Frank Norris (not to name them in order of appearance), James Hopper, Jack London, and a considerable number of others trekked east to add lustre to Eastern journalism, Eastern conviviality, and Eastern letters. Today in New York it would be just as reasonable to say, "Scratch a New Yorker and find a Californian," as it would to say "find an Iowan," find a "Missourian," etc. We do not regard Easterners as decrepit, certainly, but the Coast always brings in energy and a refreshing point of view.

And yet today there is not a single magazine on the Coast to be mentioned in the same breath as a literary medium with the few best in New York and Boston. The eyes of California writers are still turned eastward for magazine publication of their poems and stories and for publication of their books. There are a few printers of genius, like Ed Grabhorn; and a few booksellers of impeccable taste. And there is always the California climate, which one would think, offhand, the most ideal in which a writer could develop and expand. But, though Californians most certainly like to read and to discuss current books, they display as strange an anomaly in literary as in social and economic matters.

Politically the west coast is as rootedly conservative as any New England township, and, at the same time, radically independent and capable both of fierce attack and fierce resistance to economic change, as witness the late general strike. Then, probably owing to the climate, there is a great general mental laziness that goes hand-in-hand with widespread out-of-door sports and activity in the open air. The nature of the Californian is, in general, sunny like his land, hospitable, open-handed, but little inclined to worry about the rest of the world. Serious-minded young people are not lacking, or older people who are thoroughly informed—and certainly the Western seaboard is more genuinely democratic than the East. When one has added up all these factors—or rather, added and subtracted—the atmosphere for the development and growth of a strong sectional literature (in no narrow sense of the word) is still, somehow, unaccountably lacking. When one considers California's contribution to American literature, it is considerable—but that is a different matter. The mystery remains.

Chicago is west to New Yorkers. Yet Chicago is still the home of the first and best all-poetry magazine in the country. There was in the past—and doubtless now is—in Chicago one of the strongest literary groups in the land. Further west there are notable nuclei. On the Coast the notable newer writers seem to have no particular centre. If this be a superficial judgment, it would be interesting to hear further from California. In the matter of media, the case of the old *Overland Monthly*, which still boasts the name of Bret Harte, is indicative. Had there been the proper response there is no reason that today it should not be one of the best literary magazines in the United States. As it is, it has sunk into entire desuetude. There are centres of literary interest and encouragement in the universities. Out of them may come some new strong development. Meanwhile the East will continue to profit by the determined invasion of new California talent, and the West will let her most intelligent sons and daughters go from her with uncaring good-nature and an idle wave of the hand.

Acknowledgments

Belated acknowledgments herewith to *William L. Holler* of Duke University, for his letter and the copy of *The Archive;* to the Los Angeles High School for their "Anthology of Student Verse for 1935"; to the editors for the initial number of the new poetry magazine, *talaria;* to *Frank Ankenbrand, Jr.*, of Philadelphia, for his tiny chapbook; to *"McTaggart"* of Pago Pago, American Samoa, for a perfectly swell "tapa"; to a lot of people for poetry I simply have not had the space to use, particularly as this department now appears only fortnightly—a few of them are *Arthur W. Bell, Welborn Hope, Joseph Lewis French, Edwina Stanton Babcock, Isabel Fiske Conant,* and *Kenneth Slade Alling* —and some of the work is darned good and I'm sorry I can't present it.

The AMEN CORNER

"No foreign banished wight shall anchor
in this port;
Our realm it brooks no stranger's force,
let them elsewhere resort.
Our rusty sword with rest shall first his
edge employ
To poll their tops that seek such change
and gape for joy."

—QUEEN ELIZABETH.

Yes. The author of the poem, entitled "The Daughter of Debate," in which the Oxonian found these lines, was really Queen Elizabeth, according to the *Oxford Book of Sixteenth Century Verse,*[1] which includes another from the same exalted hand but of a more personal nature, entitled "Youth and Cupid."

Although this bears out interestingly the character of fickleness generally ascribed to the Virgin Queen, we were more interested at the moment in the political aspects of her career, having just put down Mr. J. B. Black's *The Reign of Elizabeth. 1558-1603,*[2] which will be Volume VIII in the *Oxford History of England.* Two others have already appeared —*The Later Stuarts. 1660-1714,*[3] by G. N. Clark (Volume X) and *England. 1870-1914,*[4] by R. C. K. Ensor (Volume XIV).

Mr. Black's chapter on "Literature, Art and Thought" suggested so many interesting speculations, that we turned to Hardin Craig's recent book on "The Renaissance Mind in English Literature," which, after Bacon in *The Advancement of Learning,*[5] he calls *The Enchanted Glass.*[6] Believing that the history of error is as important as the history of truth, Professor Craig (of Stanford University) gives "so lively an exploration of the Elizabethan mind as crystallized in the literature of the age as to offer uncommonly good reading for those who would like further knowledge of the intellectual interests of Shakespeare's day." (*The New York Times*)

Some of the more alluring exterior characteristics of the age are fascinatingly and completely set forth (and illustrated) in *Costume in the Drama of Shakespeare and His Contemporaries,*[7] by Miss M. Channing Linthicum of Salem College, West Virginia. (Do you know the meaning of Mandilion, Canons, Galligascons, Slop, Venetians?)

You would doubtless be surprised to hear it seriously contended that in Elizabeth's time lived the greatest of all composers before Bach. Yet this is what Canon E. H. Fellowes has declared, and, in the opinion of many, including Mr. Ray C. B. Brown of the *Washington Post,* proved in *William Byrd,*[8] which "immediately takes rank as the only comprehensive and authoritative study of this pioneer composer."

To go back to Mr. Black, his history opens with a chapter on "The Queen and the Religious Settlement." What the state of affairs was which made this so important can be gleaned from Mr. Charles Williams's poetical drama *Thomas Cranmer of Canterbury*[9] which he wrote to be performed in the Chapter House at Canterbury. Mr. T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* was last year's Canterbury play; so the high quality of Mr. Williams's play will be inferred. Queen Elizabeth doesn't figure of course, but her father and her unfortunate mother, Anne Boleyn (whose "top" was "polled") do. If we don't stop soon, our top may meet with a similar misadventure.

THE OXONIAN.

(1) $3.00. (2) $5.00. (3) $5.00. (4) $6.00. (5) 80c in the World's Classics. Write for complete list. Oxford University Press, 114 Fifth Avenue. (6) $2.50. (7) $5.00. (8) $5.00. (9) $1.50.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Yankee Humorist

JOHN TRUMBULL, CONNECTICUT WIT. By Alexander Cowie. University of North Carolina Press. 1936. $2.50.

Reviewed by HARRY HAYDEN CLARK

THE vogue and influence of neo-classicism in America has been greatly neglected, and practically no history of American literature deals with the subject at all, beyond a few scattering references to Pope and Addison, although it has become conventional to discuss our literature of the first half of the nineteenth century as representing "The Romantic Movement in America." At the beginning of his book, Professor Cowie quotes a generally intelligent scholar as saying that "the whole tendency of neo-classical form meant nothing in the new land," and doubtless this is the popular opinion. How grievously wrong this opinion is, however, Mr. Cowie has ably demonstrated in the case of one of the most popular spokesmen of our early national literature. The whole subject is a fertile one for investigation, and Mr. Cowie's book will serve as a model in its full knowledge of both English and American literature of the period, in its exhaustive use of unpublished sources.

In addition to new biographical facts, Mr. Cowie has cited from unpublished manuscripts or rare newspapers and magazines, a considerable mass of new evidence illustrating the development of Trumbull's literary aims and his theories of what good literature should be. Although his greatest work, "M'Fingal," which by 1922 ran to almost forty editions, was also indebted to Butler, Churchill, and Prior, Trumbull took Swift to be his special idol. "Many of his little Poems," he said, "are in this way [of strong descriptive painting] superior to any writing of their kind in the world." And in his unpublished "Critical Reflections" Trumbull wrote, "The Critical Reader will discern, that I have rather proposed to myself Swift and Churchill in my Hudibrastic writings, than the author of Hudibras." Not before Lowell's "Biglow Papers" was "M'Fingal" (1776-82) surpassed in America for its comic portraiture, lively episodes, shrewd Yankee wit, and bright epigrams, and the evidence now assembled regarding Trumbull's reading and his reactions to it shows how consciously he worked and to what a great extent his success was fostered by his close knowledge of English neo-classic tendencies, brought to focus upon the American Revolution and American affairs.

In the spirit of his approach Mr. Cowie avoids alike the bitter partisanship with which the sectionally-biased Mr. Parrington illustrated his creed of humanitarian sympathy in treating the Connecticut Wits, as well as the sympathetic partisanship with which idol-worshippers try to exalt their authors by debasing their contemporaries. For example, he shows that, contrary to general belief, Trumbull's "M'Fingal" was infinitely less popular during the Revolution than Paine's "Common Sense" or Dickinson's "Letters from a Farmer," and that Trumbull was interested not so much in political propaganda as in intrinsic literary values. Although a staunch patriot, Trumbull was fundamentally not an equalitarian democrat or a deist but a Federalist. And he belongs to that long line of Americans who illustrate how profoundly a non-didactic literature as a fine art in America has been conditioned by the Federalistic ideal which involved a traditional and liberal receptivity to the literature of other times and lands, an aristocracy of achievement, stability, decorum, and a rich responsiveness to the pleasanter aspects of life. This thesis, however, has already been ably demonstrated by Dr. Henry Seidel Canby in "Classic Americans."

Harry Hayden Clark is professor of English at the University of Wisconsin.

NOT

for the average reader but likely to be of especial interest to readers of "The Saturday Review of Literature"

A novel which has been called "an autobiography of a soul," for it consists of a man's seeking in his own character and the experiences of his youth, for the psychological motives that impelled him to commit a murder. "It is almost as though one has stumbled across, for the first time, James Joyce's 'Ulysses'," says the *Book-of-the-Month Club News*. "A most unusual book: sensitive, powerful, a sort of 'Main Street' covering the world . . . done with beauty and meaning," says *Louis Adamic*. "A novel of genuine originality . . . a highly original mind at work," writes *Louis Kronenberger* (in the *New York Times*). $2.50

A Fugitive Crosses His Tracks

BY AKSEL SANDEMOSE

A Borzoi Book

Published by Alfred A. Knopf

Highlights in the Scholarly Journals

By DE LANCEY FERGUSON

HERMAN MELVILLE evokes three different articles in recent journals. In *Philological Quarterly* Robert S. Forsythe of the Newberry Library writes on "Herman Melville in the Marquesas," comparing the indicated lapse of time in "Typee" with the factual data available from logbooks and other documentary sources. Though Melville speaks as if his captivity among the Typees had lasted about four months, these other data show it cannot have been more than twenty-five days. "To make his narrative more forcible, more striking, Melville expanded his three or four weeks of captivity into four months. Absolute and complete factual truth was sacrificed for the sake of effect. The loss in historical accuracy was not great, for details and narrative were not distorted; and the artistic gain perhaps compensated for it."

In the same journal Russell Thomas's "Yarn for Melville's 'Typee'" proves that the novelist drew heavily for descriptive details on the published account, by C. S. Stewart, a chaplain in the Navy, of "A Visit to the South Seas, in the U.S. Ship *Vincennes*, During the Years 1829 and 1830." Melville kept no journal or other notes during his adventures, and used Stewart's narrative to supply the details he had failed to record on the spot.

In *American Literature*, William Braswell writes on "The Satirical Temper of Melville's 'Pierre.'" The gist of Mr. Braswell's theory is "that while Melville recorded in 'Pierre' his own sad spiritual history, at the same time he gratified the satirical element in his nature by mocking his too idealistic self and especially by defying the literary conventions of a world that fêted its clever authors and starved its geniuses." To the objection that there is no conclusive evidence to prove his theory, Mr. Braswell answers frankly, "Apparently there is none." But in view of Mr. Charles R. Anderson's destruction of supposedly autobiographical episodes in "White-Jacket" (mentioned in this column on Dec. 7), it seems risky to continue to search for autobiography in "Pierre." It might be simpler and safer to explain that disastrous book by admitting that Melville was tired out when he wrote it, and that his creative genius could function successfully only when it had an adequate foundation of personal experience.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 122)

IRVING—"THE HISTORY OF NEW YORK."

And the mighty monarchs of the earth who were vainly seeking to maintain peace and promote the welfare of mankind by war and desolation would have done well to have made a voyage to the little island of Manna-hata. . . .

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Gamut of Irish Fiction

BY SEAN O'FAOLAIN

SOMETIMES English critics indicate that they are "growing weary of the Irish scene." Sometimes we agree with them. We, too, want our romance, our elaborate starlight of adventure, "gondolas, lights, and music." We grow tired of the white-washed cabins, the middle-class milieu, the lane-folk—of life with a small *l*. It may be a weak hour in which we desire these things: it may be a passion to escape: and we have had our hours when we have pitied those whose world has never brought them to touch, what we then call, with zest, "the guts of life." But the artist is a sensuous concoction and it is in his nature to love the touch of velvet and the color of gold.

I have always feared this desire. My fellow-novelist, and friend, Frank O'Connor, who has grown up with me in the little city-town of Cork, sometimes plays a sad game with me, called *The Lady from Munich*. Sometimes she is a real woman. Sometimes she is the chief person in a play that we plan to write. Always she is a symbol of loveliness, of the romantic-picturesque kind, fallen magically on this rain-sodden Ireland. "Ah!" we say, "The Lady from Munich—will she ever come? Learned in the ways of the world; scarlet fingered; with furs that brush the cheek like a desert wind; she will sing an aria from Mozart; she will smile and sit to the piano, and then . . . Chopin, or Bach . . . a kibe-galling fugue, toe-tripping, convoluted, crashing." The Irish drizzle will spot the panes; the dusk will fall cold and pitiless over the miry roads.

It *is* an idle dream. Farther down the mountains there is a Danish girl who has come to live in Ireland: she has a lovely house, full of precious things, her fortification against the barrenness of our poor country life. I call her house "The Lagoon," because I try to satisfy myself by the thought that if we realists, whether romantic or fantastic, made ourselves a lagoon apiece—there would be no Irish novel at all. We may dream of romance. But we know that it must be made out of what we have—rags and bones, moonlight, limed cabins, struggle, the passion of our people, a bitter history, great folly, a sense of eternity in all things, a courage "never to submit or yield."

But that is not the end of it. It is true that we must, perforce, do this. It is true that we have the example before us of many of our Irish writers who have failed to produce lasting work because they had not had the strength of spirit to do this. (Of the poets who set Irishmen writing at the beginning of the century we see that Yeats, almost alone, has had the stature of mind, the spiritual physique, to refuse to escape from the unsympathetic material of the life about him. He has transmuted it, as every artist must: but he has never been disloyal to it.) But it is also true that even within the limits of the actuality of Irish life we have too often narrowed our gamut without necessity.

Sometimes my friend and myself spend hours talking over the life of the South of Ireland as we knew it years ago. We have begun with this character or that in the city. Then we go on to other characters whom we saw frequently but did not really know—not as a novelist knows people. These are often business men, wealthier people, even a country gentleman in from the Big House. We, both come from poor households, have to admit that is a side of life we did not know. Yeats could go from Coole Park into any cabin around Gort: but we could not have gone from the cabin into Coole Park. There is the division between Yeats's generation and ours.

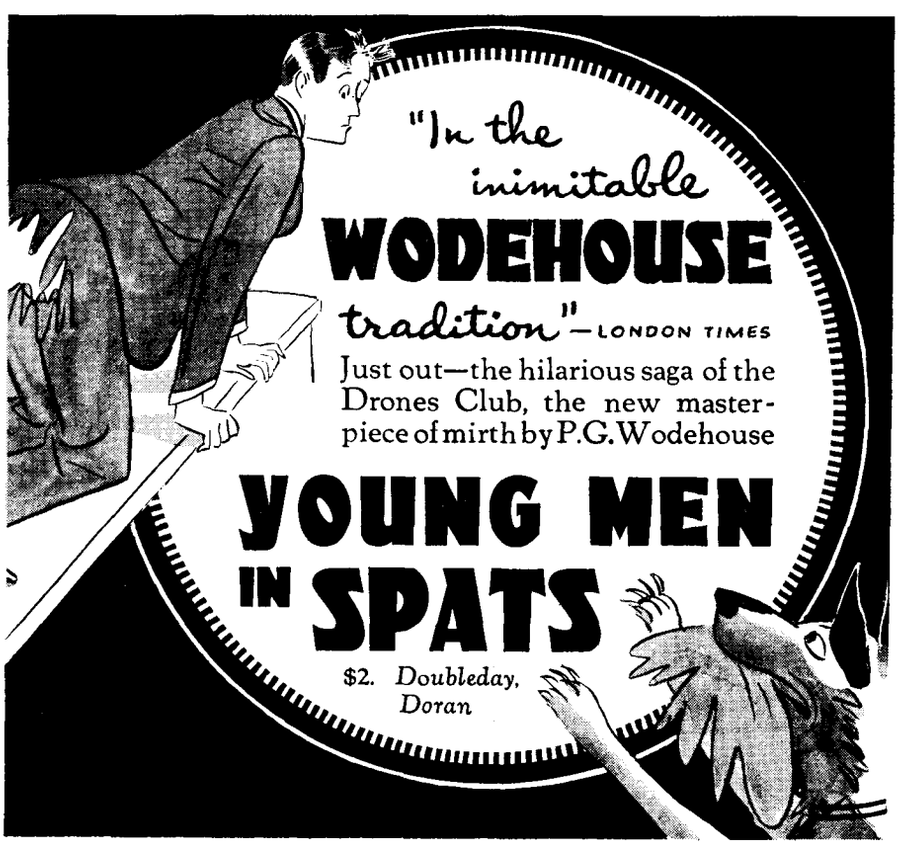
So when we gossip in this way over our youth we realize that we have missed something. And that it is significant of a good deal that concerns Irish literature. We know, thoroughly, one section of Irish life: another is closed to us. And since most Irish writers—all but, perhaps, Dunsany or Robinson—come from the people, we know that there always has been in this divided country a division of knowledge between its writers.

In Cork we had a little Club called The Twenty Club. Looking back, we imagine what it would have meant to us if into that little Club there came some writer out of the other kind of Irish life, and made one with us. And when, once, we did get Lennox Robinson to come, and he talked with us as an equal—although he was famous, then, and we had written nothing—how much it did help, even that hour, to give us an extension of life—not merely a correction of values, but an inkling of the possibilities of there being other valid worlds beside the world of our small town.

That disparity is our loss, whether we be Dunsany who can never know the fishing and farming people, or O'Flaherty who can never know the huntin'-and-shootin' people. It means that for many Irish writers life exists on a small number of planes and their stories are lighted only from a few angles. Chekhov has stories of all sorts, but it is not that. Tolstoy can write both "Ivan Ilyitch" and "War and Peace," but it is not that. Maupassant can write of peasants and of princesses, but it is not that—though variety is lovely. It is that the *consciousness* of the existence of many modes of life, and some intimacy with them, heightens the treatment of any one mode of life, gives the sense of echo, reverberations wider than the scene displayed, as well as more color and more variety in a writer's work taken as a whole.

Regionalism is all very well when, as with Hardy or the Russians, it does not delimit one by a narrow circumference of values. When it does, it is in grave danger of making one's work pure parish-pump. It cannot fail, at least, to narrow one's scope. The work of Somerville and Ross, excellent intuition as it is, would have been so much better if that barrier between us and them—largely political—did not exist: their work and our work would be the richer if we could have gone, on our own terms, as artists, into one another's homes, offering barter for barter of our knowledge of the life of Ireland we could not otherwise share.

In his book on Synge, Daniel Corkery, who is the champion of regionalist writing—the acceptance, that is, of the values of a minute world,—speaks bitterly of the disparity between the intellect and the emotions of Irish writers. What he means is that our heads tell us of other worlds, so that we have the sense to ease the


"In the inimitable
WODEHOUSE
tradition" — LONDON TIMES
Just out—the hilarious saga of the Drones Club, the new masterpiece of mirth by P.G. Wodehouse
YOUNG MEN IN SPATS
$2. Doubleday, Doran

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

weary heart with Chopin and not with Irish folk-songs: while, all the time, our emotions make us so much one with the simple life about, that we know so well and love so dearly, that when our emotions are at work we ignore all other values. There is truth in this: the amount of truth that would make it apply to the artist in every country, but no more.

But that disparity would, in Ireland, have been considerably lessened if we young men had, in the nineteen hundreds, been able to feel a greater sympathy, born of greater knowledge, for the Big Houses, or even the Middle-sized Houses. The modes of life being increased in number we would not have so often felt the empty ache of spiritual hunger we did feel. We would not have wandered around the streets of our little city, in Cork, or the roads outside it, feeling caught by the exiguity of life, feeling the compression of local values that ignored all other values, feeling that our people would never, never, understand what we were aiming at, thinking of, trying to do with our lives.

It is too late, now. The Big Houses are gone. Life has become levelled to such a condition that we have not even the knowledge that here and there among those Big Houses—as indifferent to us as we to them—there might be a few Irishmen who would see the meaning of our dreams, the significance of our work. They are gone and all we can do is to wait for the rise of native Big Houses. And even then, if a little less than before, though in essence just as much as before, the disparity will remain. Yet because they will be native Big Houses I envy the young men who will rise with them. The gamut of their work will be wider—a note above, a note below added to our gamut, a fuller picture of life.

Sean O'Faolain is the author of "A "Nest of Simple Folk."

The New Books

Art

THE DEVELOPMENT OF SUMERIAN ART. By C. Leonard Woolley. Scribners. $10.

Sir Leonard Woolley's many years of archæological activity in Mesopotamia excavating the site of ancient Ur enables him to present in concise form a survey of its art during some two thousand years from neolithic beginnings in the days "before the Flood," through great achievements in metal-work, sculpture, and architecture, until its complete oblivion under Babylonian dominance toward the end of the third millennium B.C.

Pottery, as usual, is the principal documentary evidence for establishing the chronological sequence, though of course not the actual dating, of the earliest periods. During the long Early Dynastic Period architecture becomes increasingly important—of brick largely, as stone is nonexistent in the region—decorated with colored terra-cotta tiles, friezes with scenes of birds, cattle, and human beings inlaid in stone or shell, and with elaborate reliefs in copper. This period embraces the First Dynasty of Ur and the time of the Royal Cemetery where was found the great treasure, including many utensils and ornaments in gold and silver remarkable not only for intrinsic worth but especially for the high grade of technical skill, of design, and of artistic imagination exemplified by the individual objects.

Sculpture during this period, both in stone and in metal, developed along lines that give it a definite national quality and mark it as "Sumerian" in distinction from the artistic productions of other races. Animal sculpture in metal reaches a high level. Reliefs in stone commemorating royal victories or depicting mythological and ritualistic scenes have a twofold interest as artistic and as historical-ethnological records. Human figures in the round, many of which are fortunately the portraits of kings, appear at first sight strangely squat and misproportioned with the head far too big for the body. The restraint and severity of style, however, and the sensitive modelling of the flesh in the best work give artistic unity and distinction to these royal portraits.

Sir Leonard's book concludes with an excellent short summary on cylinder seals which, being every man's signet in a business community like that of Sumer, have survived in great numbers. It is unfortunate that a work so attractive in appearance and so beautifully illustrated, primarily intended to introduce important material to intelligent readers, should be marred by a text slipshod in expression and carelessly proofread.

A. S.

Belles Lettres

GONE AFIELD. By Cecil Roberts. Appleton-Century. $2.50.

Mr. Roberts has written fourteen novels and this is the third volume about his house, his garden, and the country and country houses thereabout. The region along the Thames above Windsor, in the neighborhood of Marlow and Henley, is very central to English history. There are memories of Warwick the Kingmaker and Cardinal de la Pole, of Charles the Second and Nell Gwynne. Shelley lived at Marlow for over a year. The most interesting occupants of Bisham Abbey were the sixteenth century Hobys. The Stoners have lived at Stoner since 1290. Ladye Place was a Benedictine monastery from the eleventh century to the disasters of Henry the Eighth, and then passed into the rakish hands of the Lovelace family.

Mr. Roberts does not altogether escape the perils of the guide book, but he is a pleasant chronicler, and most of his book is about himself, his friends, and their conversations. The peril that he experiences as a literary man is that pottering about in the garden is more fun than writing books.

A. C.

BARCHESTER PILGRIMAGE. By Ronald Knox. Sheed & Ward. 1936. $2.50.

The Reverend Ronald Arbuthnott Knox became a Fellow and Lecturer at Trinity College, Oxford, in 1910 and Chaplain in 1912, resigning in 1917 when he was received into the Church of Rome, only to find himself at the date of publication of his "Pilgrimage," again Chaplain (Roman Catholic) at Oxford. One wonders how large a part Barchester played in his conversion, for this fourth son of a Bishop of the Anglican Communion has a background that is the explanation of his success as the "continuator" of Anthony Trollope.

In the first lines of his Prologue, he

Over the Counter

The Saturday Review's Guide to Current Attractions

Trade Mark	*Label*	*Contents*	*Flavor*
BLACK ACES *Stephen Payne* (Hopkins & Son: $2.)	Western	They're tough 'uns—the Black Aces and dashing, handsome, square-jawed, leather-tanned Tedro ain't no slouch when it comes to fightin' 'em. And is the beauteous Fay joyful!	Small Time
FIVE AGAINST THE LAW *Stone Cody* (Morrow: $2.)	Western	The Five Mavericks, Robin Hoodish rustlers to you, gum the works on villainous Ed Lowery who has designs on pretty Claire Hewitt and her pop's beef.	Reliable
KID GALAHAD *Francis Wallace* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Novel	The gist: From bell-hop to heavyweight champ. But wait—there's gals, racketeers, and an understandin' dame that knows what it's all about. Glib lingo and swift patter.	Technical K.O.
SHADOW MOUNTAIN *B. M. Bower* (Little, Brown: $2.)	Western	Quiet Please! In this corner—the cattle men; in yonder corner—the sheep herders. The dust clears and we find three murders and two gents in love with a right smart gal.	Interestin'

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

justifies his inconsistency, relative to the continuation of the Trollope theme. This was hardly necessary. This volume of 278 pages, including four of index, as readable as any pages between the covers, is his justification. His style is the style of Anthony Trollope. His characters, Trollope's characters. Their names, a continuity. Dr. Deadletter and the Rev. Dr. Wheedlem take the place of older friends. Lord Muddlehead recalls Viscount Dumbello and Dr. Rantaway, Dr. Filgrave.

Every reader of Trollope should possess this volume. No one needs to have dwelt in Barchester for many years to enjoy it. Its sole limitation is that it cannot be an introduction to Anthony Trollope. The only introduction to Trollope begins with "The MacDermots of Ballycloran" (1847) and ends with "London Tradesmen" (1927).

To this we may add "Barsetshire and the World War" (*Atlantic Monthly*) and now "Barchester Pilgrimage" by Father Ronald Knox.

S. Van B. N.

Biography

THE LIFE AND WORKS OF JOSEPH RODMAN DRAKE (1795-1820). By Frank Lester Pleadwell, M.D. Boston: Merrymount Press. $6.50.

Since Joseph Rodman Drake died one hundred and sixteen years ago, critics and historians of American literature have quoted his "Culprit Fay" and his lyrics, and have compared him, in his sensitivity and in his brief lifetime (only twenty-five years) devoted to poetry, to John Keats. He became a symbol, in the era of Washington Irving, Fitz-Greene Halleck, and other Knickerbockers, of the beginnings of nineteenth century American poetry, and also of its humble dependence upon English models. Drake had, then, quite apart from his short career, a genuine historical importance, though he would have been presumably the first to have been indifferent to this; he loved the bard's ecstasy, and if, judged by severe standards, his talents were slight, they were deeply poetic.

A minor poet Drake must remain, but this volume by Captain Pleadwell shows for the first time the range of his work and also the profound impression which he made upon his contemporaries. He was beloved, and to discerning readers in the eager, striving democracy of a century ago his verse seemed touched with light and grace. It was; though today Drake's fluency suggests more precisely his lack of force, and shatters finally the parallel with Keats, whom, after all, he resembled only in the pathos of his early death. Captain Pleadwell's scholarly services to American literature are well known, and of these this study of Drake is the most memorable. Within this single volume, beautifully printed and illustrated, is a detailed biography of the poet and also a carefully edited text of the poems, including newly discovered manuscripts. Is it true, as gossip has it, that other Drake manuscripts have not been made accessible? It is unlikely, and even if they appeared, it is improbable that they could add appreciably to this exhaustive and illuminating analysis of Drake.

S. T. W.

Fiction

JOHNNIE MOUNTAIN. By Lillian Craig. Doubleday, Doran. 1936. $2.

A short, rather amusing book about a Virginia mountain boy who has no parents and crosses the big mountain and comes to a modern city without knowing anything of modern inventions or civilization. Those who befriend him are a local policeman he had run into before, while fishing, and the local judge who has tried him for burning a barn in a haphazard sort of way. The Irish dialect of the policeman, by the way, is quite out of old vaudeville and unconvincing, and some of the dialogue among the boys—the policeman has two young sons who become Johnnie's friends—not much better. Some of the exploits of the three boys together are amusing, and great play is made concerning Johnnie's lack of acquaintance with even the modern automobile and telephone and so on, and also with the Elizabethan expressions that crop up in his speech. This is, in a way, a less vulgar "Peck's Bad Boy." And of course it ends happily, with Johnnie not going to the reform school after all. It was a bit too "bairnly" for this reader, but it will undoubtedly furnish simple amusement for a good many people. Miss Martin's "dead set" at the Judge motivates the slight plot involved. Reading time for a rapid reader should be half an hour at the outside. Miss Craig really had the idea, and doubtless the material, for a far better book, but has lacked the deftness. With such material a Mark Twain would have created a masterpiece. But young people may get a good deal out of this simple humor as it is.

W. R. B.

GOYA. A Portrait of the Artist as a Man. By Manfred Schneider. Knight Publications. 1936. $2.75.

This is an old-fashioned historical novel translated from the German. Pretty much everything of Goya's life and legend is included, and the background of his activity is treated somewhat elaborately. Since the material is rich in interest, the rather dull and explicit character of the narrative is disappointing.

F. J. M.

TALL GREW THE PINES. By Sigman Byrd. Appleton-Century. 1936. $2.

Of the many books published about Texas by Texans in this year of the Centennial, few can claim to present so vivid and authentic a picture as this first novel by Sigman Byrd. The author is a Texan born, a young man of varied experience on land and sea, educated at Southern Methodist University in Dallas and at Columbia, who has had some previous experience of magazine and newspaper work. Declaring that cities are incongruous and without meaning in Texas, he writes of small town life in that State, for the small towns, he believes, have character and significance. The town of which he writes is a sort of composite picture of the many small Texas towns he has known. The story is told in the first person.

The book opens with the recollections of the narrator's father, who had come from the Middle West to become the village schoolmaster. This plan enables us to grasp the setting at once, and so prepares us to enjoy the rich mosaic which follows: a pattern composed of all the elements characteristic of small Texas towns. The story is dramatic, the characters convincing. The author writes powerfully, and is never dull. Sigman Byrd deserves well of Texas, and of American readers.

S. V.

THEY FOUND ATLANTIS. By Dennis Wheatley. Lippincott. 1936. $2.

Devotees of that peculiar domestic product, the pulp serial, may like this English offering of similar type—in some respects better than the average pulp serial, in others not so good. Mr. Wheatley seems to have stuffed his story with all the ingredients he could think of—the remains of Atlantis under the bottom of the sea, the beautiful multi-millionairess and her not quite so beautiful cousin, a retinue of titled suitors, a radio crooner, a super-crook and his villainous gunmen; and, for the requisite dash of virtue and heroism, a retired British naval captain. The cocktail would have been

(*Continued on next page*)

BUY IT NOW—"A book of great timeliness for American readers. . . . Every politician ought to read it before he makes a speech or writes an argument"—so Elmer Davis in The Saturday Review describes Hilaire BELLOC's newest book, THE RESTORATION OF PROPERTY, just published by Sheed & Ward, 63 Fifth Ave., New York.

$1.50

MEDICAL NOTES ON THE **SEX** LIFE OF THE **UNMARRIED ADULT**

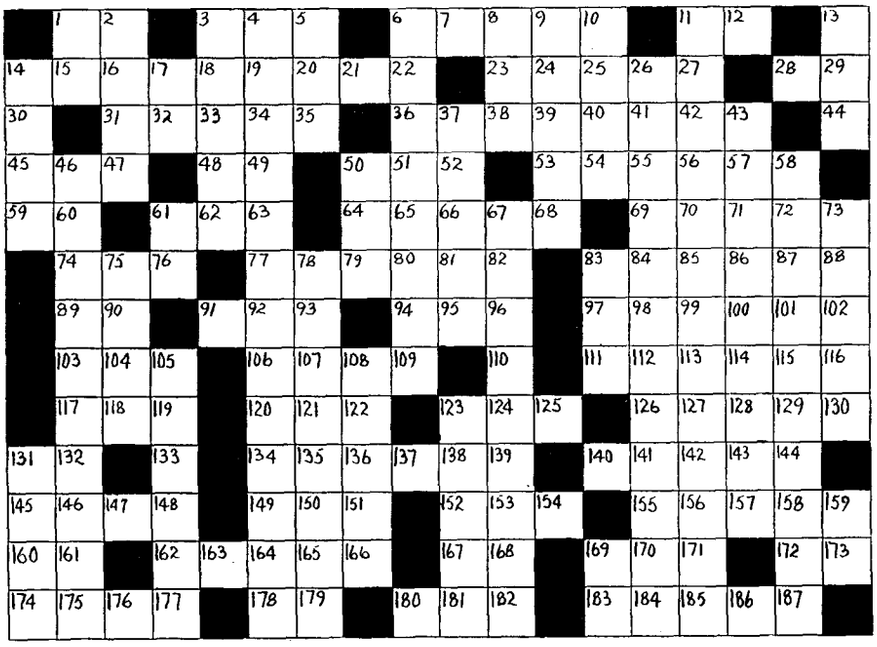
By Robert Latou Dickinson, M. D., F. A. C. S.
Secretary of the National Committee on Maternal Health

Any bookstore or direct from the publishers
VANGUARD PRESS, DEPT. S R-1,
424 MADISON AVE., N. Y. C.
PAMPHLET—ONLY 35 CENTS

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Double-Crostics: No. 123

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess twenty-seven words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered. These numbers appear under the dashes in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, fill it in on the dashes; then write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram. When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

When the column headed WORDS is filled in, the initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

DEFINITIONS

I. Secular, material.

II. Home of dragon slain by Siegfried.

III. Variegated.

IV. Poem by Poe.

V. Not in the least.

VI. Aversion.

VII. Inside information (slang, comp.).

VIII. Impartial (comp.).

IX. Flower of classic Greek meads.

X. Florid in style.

XI. Small tax.

XII. Noisy revelry (2 words).

XIII. Resounded.

XIV. Race of brutes in Gulliver's Travels.

XV. Play by Shakespeare.

XVI. Cuddled.

XVII. Luminous insect.

XVIII. With this.

XIX. Sailor's shout.

XX. Foiled, thwarted.

XXI. Crown Prince of Norway.

XXII. Remarkably.

XXIII. Explosive.

XXIV. Well formed.

XXV. German-Hebrew language.

XXVI. Ominous.

XXVII. Minerva's bird.

WORDS

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
5 149 101 169 29 160 88

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
105 26 133 111 62 144 168 179 171 95 187

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
38 14 180 128 138 27 186

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
131 57 103 121 37 172 30

__ __ __ __ __ __
19 120 155 75 173 61

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
96 70 102 28 8 43 140 25

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
115 117 23 165 94 92 136

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
146 71 76 2 24 110 49 159 63 122

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
107 68 36 181 93 114 177 158

__ __ __ __ __ __
33 59 97 178 6 11

__ __ __ __ __
132 167 50 98 142

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
4 48 162 170 123 127 104 40 154

__ __ __ __ __ __
116 13 134 7 182 73

__ __ __ __ __
35 99 129 65 163

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
130 74 141 31 150 176 46

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
79 58 143 91 69 148 67

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
86 108 90 64 47 16 157 53

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
81 139 15 119 126 100 3 152

__ __ __ __
161 185 51 66

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
83 135 109 60 151 21 174

__ __ __ __
1 45 112 12

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
113 84 10 18 89 34 82

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
80 124 118 39 164 183 55 52 147

__ __ __ __ __ __ __ __
106 32 85 137 9 78 17 72

__ __ __ __ __ __ __
77 41 20 175 54 166 87

__ __ __ __ __ __
44 184 56 153 42 125

__ __ __
156 145 22

The solution of last week's *Double-Crostic* will be found on page 18 of this issue.

The New Books

(*Continued from preceding page*)

better, however, if half the ingredients had been left out. The chapters on Atlantis are perhaps more plausible than most of the fiction written on that popular topic, and there is much ingenuity in the means by which the inmates of a jettisoned bathysphere got there. But the rest of the story has a naiveté suggestive of juvenile literature; and as in all too many pulp serials, there is a long period in which the scoundrels refuse, under great provocation, to kill the virtuous characters, for no conceivable reason except that if they did, there would be no more story.

E. D.

EARTH'S QUALITY. By Winifred G. Birkett. Dodd, Mead. 1936. $2.

The title is sadly revelatory, for this book's one quality is a sensitive recording of earth, sun, winds, animals on the move, the scent of hay-stacks, all of the natural beauties of Australia's sheep ranches and wheat fields. Unfortunate, then, that Miss Birkett has peopled her scene with a set of wooden characters, stock types that move with a momentum generated by their long life in fiction: the old, strong-hearted patriarch who has bent the land to his will, his poet son who represents an effeminate break in the tradition, and, completing the cycle, the strong-hearted grandson within whose veins the old pioneer blood pulses once again. They, with all of the expected subsidiary characters even to the faithful, crochety family retainer, make an all-too-familiar dramatic pattern upon that really fresh and vigorous background. One might say of this book that every prospect pleases and only man is dull.

N. L. R.

Miscellaneous

OCEANIC BIRDS OF SOUTH AMERICA. By Robert Cushman Murphy. American Museum of Natural History. 1936. (2 vols.) $10.

Among the thousands of books on birds which have been published in the United States, there are a very few which stand out like landmarks, such as the books and plates of Audubon and Wilson, Dr. Elliot Cue's "Key to North American Birds," and Dr. Frank M. Chapman's "Handbook of Birds of Eastern North America." It is probable that "Oceanic Birds of South America,"will win a place on this list.

The author, Dr. Robert Cushman Murphy, cruised on a New Bedford whaler in the South Atlantic and spent several months in the Antarctic collecting on South Georgia Island. Later he was associated with Rollo H. Beck, one of the ablest taxidermists and collectors now in the ornithological field. The results have been crystallized by Dr. Murphy into some twelve hundred pages of text, illustrated by hundreds of extraordinary photographs, sketches, maps, and diagrams, together with fourteen colored plates from paintings by Francis L. Jacques. These last not only comprise vivid studies of spectacular birds, but are unique interpretations of the stern

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

beauty of the Far South. What Rockwell Kent has done for the Greenland coast, Jacques has achieved for the Antarctic terrain. His paintings of a wandering albatross above a double rainbow, as seen by him in the South Atlantic, and of king penguins with the snow-covered mountains of South Georgia Island as a background, have a beauty that it is difficult to over-praise. Moreover, Dr. Murphy's book not only contains the best descriptions yet written of South Atlantic birds but includes also studies of the geography, history, meteorology, drainage, ocean currents, and other phenomena of the South American coast.

S. S., JR.

Brief Mention

Among recent biographies is the life of a forger, Roger Benton, as told to Robert O. Ballou. The book is called *Where Do I Go From Here?* (New York, Lee Furman, Inc., $3). * * * A valuable book for those interested in the subject is *Essays on Ancient Fiction,* by Elizabeth Hazelton Haight (Longmans, $2.50). This is a study of the evidences of story writing to be gathered from classic literature by a reader with a taste for character study and anecdote. It is a well organized book written with a critic's as well as a scholar's sense of value. Another scholarly essay is *Death and Elizabethan Tragedy: A Study of Convention and Opinion in the Elizabethan Drama* by Theodore Spencer (Harvard University Press, $2.50). * * * The recent death of Pavlov, the great psychologist, makes timely the reissue of his *Lectures on Conditioned Reflexes* by the Liveright Publishing Corporation ($3). * * * The White House Conference on Child Health and Production is recalled by the publication of *The Young Child in the Home: A Survey of Three Thousand American Families,* sponsored by one of the Committees of that conference (Appleton-Century, $3).

The Van Nostrand Company are publishing Herbert W. Schneider's *The Fascist Government of Italy,* a useful summary ($1.25). * * * From the Oxford Press comes C. S. Lewis's scholarly study in medieval tradition called *The Allegory of Love.* The consideration is chiefly of the English writers with a background of the *Romance of the Rose* and the standard medieval literature. * * * In Methuen's Old English Library appears Kemp Malone's definitive edition of the Anglo-Saxon poem *Widsith.* In addition to bibliography and glossary there is an extensive preface and elaborate annotation dealing with the interesting historical questions raised by this ancient poem which purports to be the memories of a bard (10s. 6d.). * * * John B. Opdycke continues his valuable work in theory and practice of English composition with a book called *Sentence, Paragraph, Theme* (Thomas Y. Crowell Company, $2.50). * * * One of the translations which were done by T. E. Lawrence in his period of obscurity after his great adventure, when he wrote for various English journals often anonymously, was under the name of Ross, and has been published by Doubleday, Doran. It is a translation of *The Forest Giant* by Adrien Le Corbeau (Doubleday, Doran, $2).

PERSONALS

ADVERTISEMENTS will be accepted in this column for things wanted or unwanted; personal services to let or required; literary or publishing offers not easily classified elsewhere; miscellaneous items appealing to a select and intelligent clientèle; exchange and barter of literary property or literary services; jobs wanted, houses or camps for rent, tutoring, travelling companions, ideas for sale; communications of a decorous nature; expressions of opinion (limited to fifty lines). All advertisements must be consonant with the purposes and character of The Saturday Review. Rates: 7 cents per word, including signature. Count two additional words for Box and Number. Payment in full must be received ten days in advance of publication. Address Personal Dept., Saturday Review, 25 West 45th Street, New York City.

SILVERMINE TAVERN AND GALLERIES, Norwalk, Conn. Tel. 2300. An old time country inn. One hour from N. Y. Booklet R on request.

SURPRISE BOXES, Birthday or Convalescent, for children 3 to 10 years. Prices: $5.00 and $10.00. Kindly give name, age, and favorite interest of child when ordering. "Windwards," P. O. Box 114, Wyncote, Pa.

"GREEN SHADOWS." Old Lyme, Connecticut. A delightful place for a vacation. Excellent food. Restful atmosphere.

"DON'T SNORE"—Small, gold device. Prevents snoring, mouth-breathing. $1.00. Satisfaction guaranteed. Circular free. D. K. Thaxly Company, Washington, D. C.

DEAR CLEO. No answer yet. How about it? Wouldn't you like to know why Leopold II of Belgium was the only one who could tell whether the famous danseuse Cleo de Mérode (any relation) had ears? W. W.

CHICAGO MUSICAL COLLEGE GRADUATE; Bachelor Music, Bachelor Music Education degrees. Want teaching position in girls' school. Piano, theory, chorus. Some experience private piano pupils, adult appreciation class. Episcopalean. Box 472-B.

ENJOY PERFECT VACATION IN MAINE, sea in full view, rocky shores, spruce woods, trails, bathing nearby sandy beach; excellent food, comfortable beds (innerspring mattresses), refined clientèle. Hotel Pemaquid, Pemaquid Point, Maine.

LADY, LIVING in exclusive residential suburb, will take entire charge of boy or girl between ages of two and fourteen, for a limited time or for the winter. References given and required. Box 467-B.

STEPHEN DEDALUS was fortunate—his tower had a sound thatch. This brilliant young university student lives in an abandoned house with a leaky roof. After alternately working and starving his way through college he is about to do the latter. Needs money, clothes, and books to survive while studying. Box 466-B.

COLLEGE WOMAN wishes English position. B.A., M.A., work on doctorate. Mathematics, French minors. High school, college experience. Salary minor consideration. Best references. Box 126, Grand Prairie, Texas.

NORTH JERSEY RESIDENCE will accommodate five adult Gentile guests desiring quiet, restful vacation, August. Private swimming pool, golf, riding nearby. Commuting distance New York. $18.00 weekly. Mrs. Arthur Palmer, 75 Old Army Road, Phone 402, Bernardsville, New Jersey.

LETTER TO ANNE ELIOT returned from Newark. "Arbutus Patch" and "Wee Camp" awaiting tenants. Address Miss Ellen R. Ward, West Tisbury, Martha's Vineyard, Massachusetts.

MANUFACTURER OF TAILORED sports frocks, catering to particular clientèle, wants personal representation. Liberal commissions. Box 465-B.

2-3 CLEAN, cheerful, ample rooms, cooking facilities, apartment or private residence, for two reliable tenants, September 1. Box 464-B.

GIVE US A HINT as to your habits and hobbies, state whether under 30 or over 30, and enclose $1.00, and we'll forward a package of gifts selected from Fifth Avenue shops especially for you. If you aren't delighted we'll gladly refund your eight bits. (Sent C.O.D. if desired.) The Anderson Company, 489 Fifth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

WERE YOU EVER A CAMP FIRE GIRL? National Council of Camp Fire Girls is compiling alumnae list for Silver Jubilee. Especially interested in present occupations of former Camp Fire Girls. Will you help us out? No further obligations. Write Camp Fire Girls, 41 Union Square, Room 814, N. Y. C.

PERSONALS

"VERSE" A MONTHLY NATIONAL POETRY MAGAZINE published by the National Poetry League, is launching a drive for new subscribers. We publish new talent along with well known poets. If you have received rejection slips before but are still convinced of your talent we will give you a hearing. If you are good we will publish you. For poetry lovers $2.00 per year. 652 Broadway, N. Y. C.

JOIN THE THRONG of Saturday Reviewers who are enjoying my superlative coffee. Taste and aroma unequalled. Not available in stores. Send One Dollar for 2 to 3 weeks' supply. Richard H. Toeplitz, 67 Broad Street, New York.

YOUNG MAN, 27. Some reprint book publisher needs me. Extensive knowledge of reprint book field, with experience in cataloguing, bibliography. Also know stenography, typewriting. Christian, college. Box 469-B.

SWEET CLEO. Come on and have fun. I know how Julia Marlowe won E. H. Sothern away from Virginia Harned and why Holbrook Blinn wanted to play Romeo to a certain Juliet. Please answer. L. L.

WILL KEEP in order small house or apartment vicinity of New York for room and small salary after Sept. 1. College graduate, 39. Box 470-B.

CLASSIFIED

BACK NUMBERS

BACK NUMBERS OF MAGAZINES at Abraham's Bookstore, 141 Fourth Avenue, New York.

ALL KINDS BOUGHT AND SOLD. The E. T. Sutherlin Co., Danville, Virginia.

MAGAZINES—ONE OF THE LARGEST stocks of back numbers. Sharan's, 4019 Broadway, N. Y. C.

FIRST EDITIONS

GOOD BOOKS. First editions of established worth. Books by and about Walt Whitman. Catalogues on request. Alfred F. GOLDSMITH, 42 Lexington Avenue, New York.

FIRST EDITIONS, FINE PRESS, CATALOGUES. PHILIP DUSCHNES, 507 Fifth Avenue, New York.

CATALOGUE of Old and Rare Books and Modern First Editions sent free on request. Chelsea Book Shop, 58 West 8th Street, New York.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY FIRST EDITIONS. Request new catalogue. Charles K. Stotlemeyer, Hancock, Maryland.

LITERARY SERVICES

MATHILDE WEIL, LITERARY AGENT. Books, stories, articles, and verse, criticized and marketed. Play, scenario and radio departments. THE WRITERS' WORKSHOP, Inc., General Electric Building, 570 Lexington Avenue, New York.

YOUR STORIES, NOVELS, BOOKS, FICTION, Non-fiction, placed, criticized, revised. Professional assistance in placement and publication. New authors invited. Write or send manuscripts. LAURENCE ROBERTS, LITERARY AGENT, 47 W. 42nd St., New York.

WRITING YOUR BEST PAYS! Perfect your work with trustworthy paragraph-by-paragraph constructive criticisms. Or have it rewritten to high standards, for share in proceeds. Marketing. 8,000 words read without charge. ROBERT L. NEWMAN, 251 West 71st, New York.

LITERARY SERVICE: Translating from any language; manuscript revision; experienced research; expert typing; proofreading; preparation of manuscripts from author's notes. 2457 Maplewood Avenue, Cincinnati.

OUT-OF-PRINT

OUT-OF-PRINT books promptly supplied. National Bibliophile Service, 347 Fifth Avenue, New York.

RARE BOOKS

RARE, OUT-OF-PRINT, New USED, Occultism, Mysticism, Theosophy, Astrology. Philosophy, Psychology, Eastern Religions. The Gateway, 30 E. 60th St., New York.

MENDOZA'S. New York's Oldest "Old Book Store." We buy and sell Second Hand and New Books. Send your list. 15 Ann Street, New York.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

"A gay and tender study of simple humanity at work and play."

—New York Herald Tribune "Books."

MADAME TOUSSAINT'S WEDDING DAY

By Thad St. Martin

"A delightful book is out. It is as delicately done as some of the late Henry Harland's earlier work; and it could have run over into something very indelicate! But this Dr. St. Martin, blest with a lively sense of humor and full of first-hand knowledge of the people down on the Mississippi Delta, is too much of an artist to descend to any least vulgarity. The story sparkles." — *Charles Hanson Towne.*

"A charming little tale about a buxom Cajun widow and her eight children. Local color beautifully applied, with an engaging soupçon of sentimentality for sweetening." —*Clifton Fadiman in The New Yorker.*

"Here is wit and style and a gifted novelty of phrase and rhythm...a spontaneous, easy adaptation of manner to matter."— *New York Herald Tribune "Books."*

"It is both lively and in the best sense sophisticated. This is not a great book, but surely it is a grand one."—*Saturday Review of Literature.*

Second Printing Before Publication

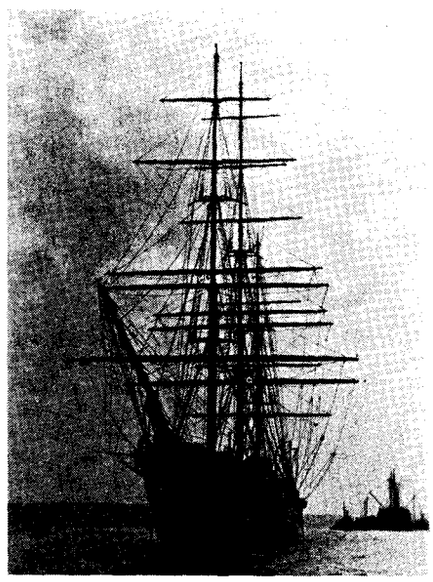
$2.00

LITTLE, BROWN & CO.

Trade Winds

BY P. E. G. QUERCUS

THE Pleasures of Publishing, that fey and frolicsome hebdomadal from the Columbia University Press, bursts out with the confession that the C. U. P. has never published a book under a pseudonym. ☞Old Q. has a great mind to write them a pseudonymous book, just for a lark. ☞He has always wanted to collect a lot of his maxims and minims, what the learned people call gnomes, and publish them under the asinine title of *I Gnome Personally* (his favorite pun). ☞Other possible titles (in case C. U. P. wants to send Old Q. a contract) *Rain or Shine, Information and Belief, Small Wares, Living on Wind, From Soup to Nuts.* ☞We are always pleased to see in the window of Pharaoh & O'Connell on 45 Street ("Best British Footwear, Made in Carnoustie, Scotland") a framed quotation from John Ruskin. ☞We never hesitate to give free publicity to anything interesting on 45 Street. ☞Pharaoh always seems to us an odd name for a Scot; but perhaps he comes from the Faroe Islands, up north of Shetland.



FALMOUTH—WITHOUT ORDERS

☞Old Q. was pleased to notice a reviewer in this paper, last week, using the good old American word *dornicks* (meaning brickbats or boulders). The etymology of this seems obscure. ☞He's been enjoying Alfred H. Holt's admirable little book *Phrase Origins* (Thomas Y. Crowell) which traces many a wild word to its lair. ☞Noticed that Mr. Holt attributes the phrase *The first hundred years are the hardest* to Emerson; but don't forget that grand old poem by the 17th Century Tom Jordan (No. 335 in the Oxford Book) with the refrain "We shall be past it a hundred years hence." ☞Jordan's line "Fish dinners will make a man spring like a flea" was always used as a menu-card motto by the 3 Hours for Lunch Club when it happened to meet on Fridays. ☞We thank Mr. Arthur Bell (Falmouth, Mass.) and Miss Eleanor Wilby (Cincinnati) who both kindly sent us photos of the famous windship *Cutty Sark* anchored at Falmouth, England. ☞Our suggestion, to which we heard no reply, was that Berry Brothers, the famous wine and spirits merchants and proprietors of the Cutty Sark whiskey, should send her on voyages to ripen casks of Madeira in the traditional way. ☞Everything Old Q. picks up seems to have vacationary suggestions. Here's a note that the famous old travel firm of Thos. Cook & Son (now amalgamated with Wagon-Lits, Inc.) has started a book-review department, edited by Malcolm La Prade. We have a horrid fear that Mr. La Prade is going to recommend mostly the newest travel-books, whereas Old Q.'s favorites are things like Fielding's *Journal of a Voyage to Lisbon.*

☞*The Tall Man*, a sea mystery by Gavin Douglas (Putnam) begins well; Old Q. has been reading it lying on a sand beach and has got a sunkist saddle. ☞Next on his list will be *Manila Galleon* (Appleton-Century) by the high-spirited hidalgo Cameron Rogers, a romance laid in Manila in 1621 when Spanish galleons carried treasure from the Philippines to Mexico.

☞The publishers' fall catalogues are already coming in; most attractive of them to date is Houghton Mifflin's, beautifully illustrated in some soft aquatone process. ☞Among H. M. fall titles we note *A Book Hunter's Holiday* by Dr. A. S. W. Rosenbach, and *Green Margins* by E. P. O'Donnell, a first novel, and first of the Houghton Mifflin Fellowship awards. ☞Also new novels by John Buchan, Sabatini, and Lloyd Douglas. ☞Miss Catharine Gallagher assures us that in Lloyd Douglas's *Forgive Us Our Trespasses* there actually occurs the lip-servicing Mother-Goose sentence: *Martha went out to prime the parched pump under the pear tree.*

☞Simon & Schuster announce for this month, in a way that arouses good anticipation, Kathryn MacFarlane's novel about Emily Brontë, *Divide the Desolation.* The title, they remark, comes from "the unforgettable first sentence of *Wuthering Heights.*" ☞As a matter of exact accuracy, they should say "the *fourth* sentence." ☞The first, though not less pungent, is "I have just returned from a visit to my landlord." ☞We are a pushover for anything about Emily Brontë. It is odd to think of Miss MacFarlane, living in Honolulu, recreating the bleak Yorkshire moors while writing under the tropical palm trees.

☞The ads for *Meet Nero Wolfe*, the movie based on Rex Stout's *Fer de Lance*, featured copies of magazines in which the Wolfe stories have been serialized. They should have shown a picture of the book; *Fer de Lance* was not serialized, and Nero was originally to be met in book form exclusively. It was not until *The League of Frightened Men* that the instalment readers got him.

PRODUCED 2005 BY UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED